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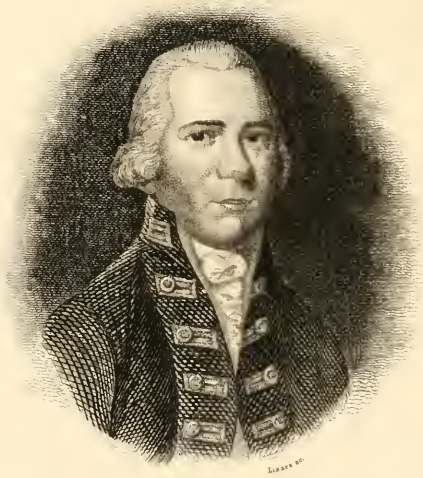


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SEA WEEDS.



D^r. TROTTER

AN:ÆT:37.

Sea Weeds :

POEMS,

WRITTEN ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS, CHIEFLY
DURING A NAVAL LIFE.

BY THOMAS TROTTER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN OF THE FLEET, &c.

——— ME TABULA SACER,
VOTIVA PARIES INDICAT UVIDA,
SUSPENDISSE, POTENTI
VESTIMENTA MARIS DEO.

Horace.

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED BY EDWARD WALKER, PILGRIM STREET,

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EDINBURGH.

1829.

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P. S. The following verse was omitted in the Lines written at Roslin (page 52.)

Sad I forego thy lovely bowers,
 Thy sounding halls and beds of flowers ;
 The strawberry banks that grace thy stream,
 And all thy dear delicious cream ;
 Yet whether near the pole or line,
 (And know the wand'rer's fate is mine)
 The wish that now my bosom warms,
 Shall live while Roslin's beauty charms.

Some pieces, published in Ruddiman's Edinburgh Magazine in 1777 and 1778, and written when the Author was 16, are not inserted here. Other fugitive pieces, of which he had no copy, at different times given to his friends, have also no place in this collection : whether they could be recovered is uncertain.

In pages 157 and 158, read Le Montagne.

DEDICATION.



To Earl Spencer, K. G.

THE Author presumes to lay these "SEA WEEDS" at your Lordship's feet, in grateful remembrance for acts of kindness and attention, which time or distance can never eradicate. Happy had it been for the Physician, had Lord Spencer remained in power, or Earl Howe lived, to the conclusion of the war in 1802 ; for then he would have been sure of being compensated for the severe personal hurts he had suffered in actual duty ; and ultimately not excluded, as he has been, from receiving the same returns with others his juniors in service.

It was his good fortune, under Providence, to effect such important improvements in the health of the navy, as to secure the approbation of every officer; which have been ratified by the opinion given of his labours, in the medical literature of Europe, for the last forty years. Much of this improvement was effected under your Lordship's authority, while you presided at the Admiralty.—Blocks of timber, bars of iron, and bales of hemp may construct ships; but your Lordship, like a discerning and vigilant minister, saw that a triumphant navy could alone be equipped by attention to the vital portion of the fabric, the officer and seaman. The Physician saw and conversed more than any man living on this subject; and your fostering care was constant in raising from neglect the meritorious servant of his country, whose services had either been overlooked or forgotten. I have never been accused of flattery; but I have often suffered for telling the truth; and I think your Blue Ribband will sit with not less grace over your shoulder by the disclosure of a

fact so honourable to your goodness of heart, and so conducive to the welfare of His Majesty's Navy. I most fervently pray for the happiness of your Lordship and family, and

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged
humble servant,

T. Trotter.

Melrose, Roxburghshire, 3rd January, 1829.

PREFACE.

“ THE Author of these Poems has been often importuned by his naval and other friends, to collect his Fugitive Pieces of Poetry, and publish them in one volume. This request has been complied with ; and they are now offered to the public without any expectation of either fame or emolument. The task of collecting them has no doubt brought to his remembrance many past occurrences of his life that had almost been forgotten. They were written on the spur of the moment ; most of them extemporaneously, and the whole without much study or premeditation. They may, therefore, be considered as the relaxation from more serious and

severer employments of the mind. The Author was early introduced to the medical department of the navy, after his studies at Edinburgh; and he occasionally, in the intervals of public duty, returned to the prosecution of his professional labours at that University; and there received, in 1788, the Degree of Doctor in Medicine, according to the usual forms of that celebrated school.

“ The numerous imperfections of the medical establishment he very soon perceived; and so early as 1782, he addressed a letter to the Navy Board, on the cruelty, impolicy, and disgrace of charging 15s. to the seamen for *certain cures*. No notice was taken of this application; but he continued to animadvert on this degrading perquisite, till, by Earl Howe’s influence, he got it redressed and abolished.

“ Being the only surgeon on the Navy List who had received the Degree of Doctor in Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, he was appointed second physician to the Royal Hospital at Haslar, near Portsmouth, in December, 1793, and, in

April following, was nominated by Earl Howe to the Channel Fleet, in compliment to his professional studies devoted to the health of seamen.

“ While at Haslar, he carefully examined the deficiencies of the institution ; and posterity will wonder that an hospital, able to contain two or three thousand seamen, should be without a single naval officer to preserve order and discipline among men, who on so many occasions appear only as children of a larger growth. A Captain, as Governor, Lieutenants, and additional Physicians and Surgeons, all with increased salaries and abolition of private practice, formed part of the new reformation, besides the additional comforts to the sick.

“ The medical duty and discipline in the Fleet quickly partook of the utmost decision and activity. The Physician made it a constant rule to purchase every new publication that could contribute to infuse improvement into the department. All forms of mistaken medical philosophy quickly sunk under the open and candid explanations that brought

every thing new into practice. The fever, spread from the French prisoners taken on the 1st of June, 1794, was subdued quickly beyond all precedent; and the King, Queen, and Princesses visited the Queen Charlotte, the flag-ship of Earl Howe, in 10 or 12 days after the arrival, in perfect safety.

“ In the succeeding spring, after a very severe winter, when the contractors could not supply a sufficiency of fresh meat to the ships, a scurvy, the most general that ever pervaded a naval armament, especially in the larger ships, soon appeared. It was duly watched by the Physician; and when the Port Admiral, in the absence of his own Flag-Officers, refused to transmit his proposals of security to the Admiralty, under the pretence that it was putting the country to great expence, he addressed their Lordships instantly himself. The required supply of fruit and vegetables was immediately forwarded by light waggons to Portsmouth. The Grand Fleet of Great Britain was thus saved by an expence under *seven thousand pounds*, and not a ship left inactive. By artful means, these mea-

sures of prevention and cure of this hitherto fatal malady were so interwoven with forms of service, as to be made permanent, in despite of the sloth and insolence of office. A hundred thousand seamen have thus, in the 20 years of war, been saved to the country !

“ When the fumigation of Nitrous Gas was introduced to the Navy, Dr Trotter stood alone, resisting the use of this impudent species of quackery ; and he has lived to see his opinion become general, and the *apparatus* turned out of his Majesty’s Ships, after putting the country to an expence of thirty thousand pounds !

“ While the Physician was busily engaged in preventing and extirpating the small pox, so often imported into His Majesty’s ships, the splendid era of the cow-pock was published by Dr Jenner. Vaccination was begun in the fleet without delay, and carried on by the surgeons with a zeal and activity that soon brought the value of the discovery to the fairest proof. The Physician then moved the surgeons to give authority to their expe-

rience of its prophylactic power against small-pox, in presenting a gold medal, with suitable devices, to the venerable discoverer. We believe this was the first compliment, from a public body, paid to Dr Jenner, and he highly valued the present.*

“ Dr Trotter next exerted himself to get the gin-shops in Plymouth Dock and Stonehouse reduced from 300 to 100, as being destructive to the health of the seamen. In this also he succeeded ; for his letter to the Admiralty on the subject was transmitted to the Lords of Council, and an order was sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Devon to shut up 200 of these sinks of health.

“ The health of the fleet became so perfect under the medical discipline that was now practised, that empty hospitals and full ships were the consequence ; and the seaman, hitherto neglected, was raised to his merited value and rank in the naval system ; and in his sick-bed hours he was fed like a babe, and attended like a prince.

“ It appears from this brief sketch that the medi-

* See Baron's *Life of Jenner*.

cal duty of the fleet was an incessant and laborious task to the Physician for nearly nine years. No Physician ever served so long in a fleet; and he is the only one who ever served under an "Admiral of the Fleet," the Union Flag being Earl Howe's Legitimate Flag for two years before his retirement.

"The rules of prevention of disease formed the great outlines of Dr Trotter's Code of Health, as being suited to the naval service. Thus, the crew of a ship of the line, advancing to a state of scurvy, loses all moral and physical courage; for it is a constant attendant of this disease to be hypochondriacal and low-spirited; and as the blood reddens, and the cure proceeds, the strength of muscle and courage return. The new forms were, therefore, easily interwoven with discipline, and made permanent. There was but one opinion of the perfection to which our author brought the health of the navy. Ample testimony is given in his "*MEDICINA NAUTICA*," published during the war, and translated into all the maritime languages of Europe.

“ The boat duty of the fleet for so long a period was at times severe ; and in ascending the ships’ sides, when there was much sea, exposed him to great danger and most serious hurts, that from their nature were to increase in their painful tendency with age. He was thus compelled to abandon his private practice in Newcastle two or three years ago ; and he found by the time he quitted the navy, in 1802, that he was incapable of ascending ships as he had hitherto done, without pain and hazard. He was rewarded with a *pension* of 10s. per diem, but under the restriction, that when employed in any government department it would be withheld. He never received any *half-pay*, either as physician or surgeon. It is to be observed, that no Edinburgh Degree of Doctor in Medicine had as yet a seat in any of the Medical Councils of the Boards that directed the professional arrangements of the navy ; and the reputation he had attained, as well as the national good he had done, only served at these Boards to excite the strongest degree of jealousy against him.

“ On his retirement, the surgeons of the fleet recorded the testimony of their regard by presenting him with a set of tea plate, expressive of his national services, and of their gratitude for his many acts of kindness to themselves.*

“ A physician to a fleet or army has a duty to perform that can but seldom come within the practice of the private physician. The brave man who risks his life in the service of his country is exposed to hardships, dangers, and privations, unknown any where else. In his sick bed he is deprived of the affectionate attendance of wife, mo-

* INSCRIPTION ON THE URN :

DOCTORI THOMÆ TROTTER,
CLASSIS REGIÆ MEDICÆ PRIMARIO,
MULTA DE PATRIA BENE MERENTI;
HOC MUNUSCULUM, PIGNUS
OBSERVANTIÆ SUMMÆ,
CHIRURGI NAVALES LUBENTISSIMÆ
OFFERUNT:
ET PUBLICÆ SALUTIS, ET PRIVATÆ
AMICITIÆ, TESTIMONIUM
SACRUM ESSE VOLUERE.

1802.

ther, sister, and child ; so that he has to look to his physician alone for something to compensate for the want of all these comforts. How divine the task ! that thus devolves on the physician, to see and take care that nurses, cooks, washer-women, apothecaries, &c. shall be humane and punctual in their office. Few medical gentlemen, we believe, ever received greater marks of regard and gratitude than the Physician of the Fleet, from both officers and seamen,—for his visits to the ships were welcomed with pleasure beaming from every beholder.

“ To conclude these remarks on the Physician’s professional office both in the navy and elsewhere, it may be truly said of him, that no living physician has witnessed the sick bed under such a variety of character as has fallen to the lot of Dr Trotter.

“ It was thought proper to furnish this short narrative of the Physician’s professional demeanour for so long a period in the fleet, to explain and account for the heartfelt pleasure that seemed to warm him whenever any thing appeared advantage-

ous to the navy. This is strongly exemplified in his attachment to Dr Jenner, and in his ode to Mr Greathead, the Discoverer of the Life-Boat, and in his various writings. The *medal* presented to Dr Jenner bore the motto from Horace, ‘ALBA NAUTIS STELLA REFULSIT.’ The letter which accompanied it has been much admired, as being without the cold pedantry and stiff technicals of medical investigation.

“ When the medical establishment of the navy received an increased half-pay, by order of Council, in 1805, Sir Roger Curtis, who had been Captain of the Fleet to Earl Howe, was pleased to wait on the Board of Admiralty, to inquire if there was any thing against Dr Trotter, that he was excluded from the new emoluments? He was answered that there was nothing against Dr Trotter. This was done without the Doctor’s knowledge.

“ Dr Trotter addressed the Admiralty, and again urged his claim for remuneration, from his sufferings from hurts obtained in actual duty. To this he received no answer from their Lordships. When

Lord Barham came to the Admiralty, Dr Trotter made application to his Lordship, who sent him privately the answer from the Sick and Hurt Commissioners to the letter sent by the preceding Admiralty, inclosing Dr Trotter's claim for the new pay. The mystery was now unfolded why he was denied the new pay. The Commissioners of Sick and Hurt, in their letter, said, that the Order in Council authorized them to grant the new pay to those only who had offered their service during the war, and to those who had proved to them their inability to serve. Now Messrs Harness and Weir, who signed this opinion, had been Physicians to Fleets, and knew when they were putting the seal of office to their report, that the Board of Sick and Hurt had *no authority* over Dr Trotter till the date of the order in council; for he was an Admiralty officer, and had duly informed their Lordships of his affliction, both by letter and memorial, long before the new pay was thought of. He had thus fulfilled every duty which the service could exact from him. A short time after this, he

offered his service for an Hospital, as the rank had been made one, by the late order of Council ; and though he was unable for boat duty in a Fleet, he was still equal to the business of an Hospital. But when a vacancy happened, a Surgeon was taken from the list, and his claim disregarded.

“ In 1808, he again requested the augmentation of his pension, to quadrate with the new half pay that had been denied ; but it could not be granted. Mr Secretary Pole concludes his letter of the 10th of September, 1808, “ *though their Lordships are fully sensible of the merits of your services.*” We thus see the old proverb verified. *Virtus laudatur et alget.* .

“ The Physician’s friends in the naval service are now put in possession of all of the facts relating to this extraordinary case. All the usual forms of the service have been set aside, in order to deprive a medical officer, who had filled the highest station in the public service of the country, of the fair emoluments which he had earned by a life of virtuous industry ; and acknowledged by officers of all ranks

to have done more for the Navy than any person living. It must be remembered that Earl Howe was now dead, and thus the avenue to redress from the benevolence of the Sovereign was for ever shut against him.

“ It may be observed from this detail of facts, that nothing was sought from Government but the same remuneration of his brother officers. Disabled as he has been, no return has been made to him for his hurts, and he must carry to his grave the impression that his case has no precedent or parallel in the annals of Naval Service. It is to be hoped that he possesses enough of the christian disposition to forgive the actors in this inhuman transaction, and may God forgive them !

“ Dr Trotter has not been altogether forgotten by his naval friends ; and he desires to remember with heartfelt gratitude the kind regards and inquiries of the following gentlemen during his personal calamity :—

DR DICKSON,

DR KEIN,

d

SIR J. GORDON,

MR S. IRVINE,

MR H. D. MORRISON,

DR BEATY,

DR OUTRAM,

G. BELLAMY,

SIR E. THORNBROUGH,

MR S. HAMMICK,

REV. G. SOPER,

MR W. BALLINGALL,

MR D. ROWLANDS,

MR LITTLE,

DR SEEDS,

MR RISK,

DR RUTHERFORD,

MR THOMPSON,

COLONEL HOME, R. M.,

MR G. MCCALLUM,

SIR M. SEYMOUR,

SIR T. PAKENHAM,

DR PETER BLAIR,

COMMISSIONER BROWN,
COLONEL VINICOMBE, R. M.

“ When a person has written so much detached Poetry as has been done by the present Author, it is but right that the proper Author should compile it into one volume; that if it is worthy of record, he should have the credit of authorship himself, and if it is bad, that no other person may be disgraced by it. Who could condemn the Physician that has seen so large a portion of human misery, and contributed so much to relieve it, for now and then relaxing his mind by composing a Sonnet, or culling a flower from the beauties of nature, to alleviate a pensive moment !”

SEA WEEDS.



THE TARTAN ROSE.*

THIS Tartan Rose of various dyes,
Was cull'd with all the choice of taste,
Shall long attract admiring eyes,
And sparkle on my Mira's breast.

Gay Flora's sweets shall linger here,
While other beauties droop and die :
Thou favour'd Rose, no blasts shalt fear,
But bask in smiles from Mira's eye.

* Tartan Ribbands were then fashionable.

As all the charms of shade and hue,
Have join'd to make thy blossoms fair
Blest Rose, how blest a bower hast thou,
For all the virtues centre there !

When time in wint'ry clouds shall lour,
This flower shall claim Minerva's care :
Thou precious Rose in that blest hour,
From vulgar fate, thy Poet spare.

ODE TO WINTER.

RUGGED and rough the storm descends,
 And winter comes with aspect pale ;
 Beneath the load creation bends,
 While music's voice forsakes the vale :
 Robb'd of their leaves the silent groves
 No more resound with sporting loves ;
 Where late the golden landscape smil'd,
 Now dreary wastes by tempests foil'd :
 All, all is sadden'd like the day,
 When no creative raptures range,
 And hopping round the widow'd spray,
 The cheerless linnet mourns the change.

 No soaring lark salutes the morn,
 Or hails the trav'ler with his lay,
 But as the season's face forlorn,
 He plods his solitary way.

Chill'd with uncomfortable cold,
 How lonely looks the bleating fold !
 How mute the shepherd's love-sick tale,
 That echo'd round the list'ning dale !

The rivers bound in icy chains
 Forget their murmurs as they flow ;
 And pendent from the ethereal plains
 The fleecy clouds emit their snow.

The sun faint o'er the mountain's brow,
 Pays a short visit to the day,
 And smiles where milder seasons glow,
 Where no rough blasts or tempests prey :
 No longer o'er the village green,
 The rustic dance endears the scene !
 Adieu, ye roseate seats of play,
 Where the fond muses wont to stray !
 Woods, groves, and trees, their foliage yield,
 Obedient to the tyrant frost ;
 And every shrub that graced the field,
 Deplore their flow'ry honours lost.

Now can the year its moral scan,
 So shall life's ghastly winter come ;
 Thus death shall crop the bloom of man,
 And call his wand'ring pilgrims home:
 For him no more returning spring
 Shall wake the warbling choir to sing ;
 Or laid beneath the shade at ease,
 Enjoy soft summer's evening breeze.
 Health's rosy cheek, youth's gaudy plume,
 To death's cold sickle drop the flower ;
 Thus share the all-involving doom,
 And meet alike the poison'd hour.

Come then, sweet muse, life's easy friend,
 Thou balm of each embitter'd joy,
 Before thy shrine behold me bend,
 Whose social converse ne'er can cloy.
 And while the bawling whirlwinds roam,
 Tremendous o'er the peasant's dome,
 Be mine that bliss thy suitors crown,
 Tho' only to thy fav'rites known :—

Far hence let care and tumult range,
While pleas'd reflection chides my time ;
Till brighter springs embrace the change,
And no rude blasts deform the clime.

On Board the Berwick, at Plymouth, }
6th January, 1781.

VERSES

*Written in a Bower belonging to Miss Ann Spottiswoode,
at Spottiswoode, 1778.*

SILVESTREM TENUI MUSAM MEDITARIS AVENA.

THIS grove, ye swains, for ever green,
The muses call divine ;
'Twas here they saw the forest queen
Embrace the hallow'd shrine.

Hence, steps profane, nor dare to tread
The bower which Beauty wove,
The love-blown blossoms twin'd to shade,
As she approach'd the grove.

This matchless maid the sylvan chose
Before the courtly dome ;
The shepherd Pan approv'd her vows,
And led her to his home.

And at his board now pleas'd she'd sing ;
She sung how blest her swain ;
Her voice made all the vallies ring,
Glad with the soothing strain.

The gay coquette at fashion's shrine,
May lull a coxcomb's arms ;
She shall in brighter circles shine,
With far superior charms.

Youths of the plain shall haunt the shade,
And nymphs their turtles bring ;
A present to the beauteous maid
Shall flow from every spring.

This verse the Muse shall consecrate,
And carve on every tree ;
Till all the tuneful throng relate
These praises worthy thee.

Then garlands from the cyprian grove,
Where none but myrtles grow ;
Wove by the faithful hands of love,
Shall crown thy Poet's brow.

VERSES

*On a French Officer then on Parole, laying down the Violin, in
Surprize, while playing a soft Italian Air, as a Young Lady
struck up "Hearts of Oak," on the Piano Forte. Written at
Deal, in November, 1781.*

THE martial trumpet's shrill alarms,
Awakes the hero's breast to arms ;
But when bright Beauty strikes the lyre,
The trembling soul is all on fire,
And wing'd with love and pure desire. }
'Twas thus fair Albion stretch'd her reign,
Her oaks subdued the circling main ;
While freedom sung angelic strains,
The laurels shook on Gallia's plains.
From her our beauties learn to arm,
And wound us with a double charm ;
Those eyes that speak their Maker's skill,
As sure as his own lightnings kill ;
And airs that give the magic stroke,
Thus conquer all like Hearts of Oak !

THE ORIGIN OF GROG.

TUNE—" *Vulcan contrive me such a Cup.*"

'Tis sung on proud Olympus hill,
The muses bear record,
Ere half the gods had drank their fill
The sacred nectar sour'd.

At Neptune's toast the bumper stood,
Britannia crown'd the cup ;
A thousand Nereids from the flood
Attend to serve it up.

" This nauseous juice," the monarch cries,
" Thou darling child of fame,
" Tho' what each earthly clime denies,
" Shall never bathe thy name.

“ Ye azure tribes that rule the sea,
 “ And rise at my command,
 “ Bid Vernon mix a draught for me
 “ To toast his native land.”

Swift o’er the waves the Nereids flew,
 Where Vernon’s flag appear’d ;
 Around the shores they sung “ True Blue,”*
 And Britain’s hero cheer’d.

A mighty bowl on deck he drew,
 And fill’d it to the brink ;
 Such drank the Burford’s gallant crew,†
 And such the gods shall drink.

The sacred robe which Vernon wore,‡
 Was drench’d within the same ;
 From hence his virtues guard our shore,
 And Grog derives its name.

* A favourite Song.

† Flag ship at the taking of Porto Bello.

‡ Adiniral Vernon usually wore a *Grogram* cloak in bad weather,

To Heaven they bore the pond'rous vase,
 From Porto Bello's spoil ;
 And all Olympia's bumpers blaze,
 With " Health to Britain's Isle !"

Gay with a cup Apollo sung,
 The Muses join'd the strain ;
 Mars cried " Encore !" and Vulcan rung—
 " Let's drink her o'er again."

" Some signal gift," they all exclaim,
 " And worthy of the skies,
 " Shall long protect this island's name,
 " And see her genius rise.

" Henceforth no foes her coasts shall brave,
 " Her arts and arms shall crown,
 " Her gallant tars shall rule the wave,
 " And freedom be her own."

from which the sailors called him Old Grog; hence the name, in honor of him, was transferred to the spirit and water, because he was the first officer who ordered it in this manner on board his Majesty's ships.

With three times three, the deed was sign'd
And seal'd, at Jove's command,
The mandate sent on wings of wind,
To hail the happy land.

CHORUS.

This cup divine, ye sons of worth,
Was fill'd for you alone,
And he that drinks is bound by oath,
To sink with Britain's sun !

VERSES

Written in the Ladies' Walk at Liverpool, in January, 1783.

WHILE on thy banks, thou fam'd commercial stream,
 Gay splendid seats and glittering villas rise,
 Thy waves with wealth in golden currents gleam,
 With every tide increase the swelling prize.

For thee, the negro, robb'd of nature's right,
 Bleeds from the lash, and bends, the planter's slave;
 In christian bondage owns a tyrant's might,
 And stains thy traffic in a shroudless grave.

Did he, for wealth, e'er tempt the waves or wind?
 Has he for gewgaws British freedom sold?
 That sigh which breathes good-will to all mankind,
 How ill-exchang'd to barter souls for gold!

Behold yon dome, where oft the massy bowl
Pours riot staggering from a midnight flood ;
Each drop that glads the haughty owner's soul,
Cost Afric's sons a torrent of their blood.

Are these the graces that shall mark thy reign
From savage states, fair Empress of the sea ?
While all earth's blessings crowd thy happy plain,
Still enviest thou the Negro to be free ?

Ah, how unlike that golden age of yore,
When mercy wav'd the freight of every gale !
That with her commerce British freedom bore,
And blest the nations where she stretch'd her sail.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

SUNT LACHRYMÆ RERUM.

WHEN earth subdued by Philip's son,
Had no more kingdoms to be won—
Deep sighs confess'd the Victor's grief,
And tears burst forth to give relief.

So when the list'ning senate hung
With rapture on his magic tongue,
Reason convinc'd, in transport slept,
Fox could no further go—and wept.

VERSES

*To Miss Seward, on reading her Poem on the Death of
Major Andre.*

WHILE you, sweet nymph, the sacred rights prepare,
And plant the myrtle where the laurel grew,
Why streams afresh the sympathetic tear,
And all our sorrows at thy song renew ?

What though not mark'd by monumental stone,
(That pious boon the savage land denies)
Some faithful flower by Spring's first zephyr blown,
From vulgar dust shall point where Andre lies.

What though a nation's tears bedew the grave,
And Fame's loud trumpet echo every groan ;
A brighter remnant Seward's Muse shall save,
By all the gentler loves and graces won.

O ! had one spark of thy celestial flame
Warm'd the cold bosoms of Columbia's fair,
Thy favour'd youth had liv'd an honour'd name,
Or met that death the happiest heroes share !

Portsmouth Harbour.

EXTEMPORE VERSES

*On a Gentleman remarking that Miss T——'s Name was not
favourable for rhyming upon.*

IN a valley of Hampshire, where myriads caress her,
The boast of her forests, the toast of her swains ;
The neighbouring youths came to woo their lov'd
T——,
The Dryads all round flock'd to hear the soft strains.

Gay warbled Love's sonnets in raptures to bless her,
As each tried a garland to weave for her name ;
Though warm'd by the Muses, they touch'd not their
T——,
The verse was too weak for an angel to claim.

The tints of each flowret essay'd to express her,
The smile on her cheek and the leer of her eye ;
And their dew, though in May, could not rival their
T——,
Or give to those lips all their eloquent dye.

The beauties of Nature were ransack'd to dress her,
 The rose gave its red and the lily its white ;
 But fancy's gay loom could not add to their T——,
 What was perfect before held their aid in despite.

Thus language grew warmer and bold to address her,
 To yield up a heart for the bliss of mankind ;
 Though no frown e'er was seen on the brow of their
 T——,
 No smile has yet told us she'll leave it behind.

THE CRUIZE.

*A Song, sung at the Theatre, Portsmouth, in Mr Yeo's Comedy
called The Asiatic.*

WITH a sweet breeze at west, and the noontide so still,
When our orders are free, and we cruize where we will ;
From the mast-head aloft, through the welkin serene,
If by chance on the lee-beam a strange sail is seen,
Joy inflames every breast as the chace heaves in view,
While our fancies, ye fair ones, are roving with you.

When the boatswain aloud calls all hands to make sail,
Hard a-weather goes the helm—square the yards to
the gale ;
Out stun-sails, top-gallant-sails, all canvas we shew,
And, steady boys, steady, brings us close to the foe ;
Then the proud tide of honour prompts the brave to
pursue,
Perhaps when his fancy is cruizing with you.

When the decks are all clear'd, and unhous'd every
gun,

“Hearts of Oak” call to arms, and to quarters we
run;

With the ardour of Britons close along-side we range,
And yard-arm to yard-arm our broadsides exchange :
From the cannon's loud roar, and the danger in view,
Fond hope, home returning, 's at anchor with you.

But think, O ye charmers, what transports arise,
When her colours she strikes, and we find her a prize;
From the slaughter around, to your bosoms we rove,
Or the loss of a friend, to the smiles of your love :
On wings of impatience, we homewards pursue,
And yield the bright laurel to Britain and you.

Royal William, Spithead.

VERSES

Written at Roslin, near Edinburgh, in Summer, 1788.

WHETHER along these banks I rove,
 Or haunt that ever-vocal grove,
 Methinks some social spirit calls
 From yonder castle's echoing walls.
 Whate'er of old Campania's plains,
 Or fam'd of yore Arcadian strains,
 I see, I hear, they charm anew,
 While Roslin's sweets enchant my view.

There, fring'd with flowers, as on he glides,
 The Esk thy charming vale divides,
 Till loth to leave thy antique towers,
 O'er rocks abrupt he headlong pours,
 To duller, darker shades he goes,
 And moans and murmurs as he flows,
 While echoes from thy castle walls,
 Still answer to his water-falls.

Pure as the rose in dewy pride,
The nymph that laves thy chrystal tide.
Ah ! may no traitor from the wood
Alarm the treasure of the flood ;
Nor dare profane that hallow'd grove,
Retreat of innocence and love ;
Lest Roslin's castle's echoing walls
Resound her dying shepherd's calls.

Pleas'd, as I stretch myself at ease,
Beneath thy reverend aged trees,
Scarce heard the stream that trills below,
More soft above the zephyrs blow ;
A careless dream my rest invades,
I rove through thy poetic shades,
Nor wake till Roslin's castle walls
Return the shepherd's evening calls.

Sweet to behold that evening scene,
The youthful sports along the green ;
When all the village toils are still,
And stopp'd the clack of yonder mill ;

When prating age records the tale,
And nameless sweets of Roslin vale,
The heroes nurs'd within thy bowers,
And still to spring from yonder towers.

Blest grove that now I rove along,
Each distant shade resounds thy song ;
To Thames's lordly bowers it flows,
On Tiber's banks it fondly glows :
Still may some happy bard be found
To make thy vocal woods resound ;
And love repay the shepherd's calls,
That pipes by Roslin's echoing walls.

THE WILLOW.

WHERE once thou, sweet Willow, embrac'd the clear
tide,

And fresh flowing streams made thy tresses so pure,
How oft with my fair have I sat by thy side,
And wish'd that our joys might for ever endure !

How gay o'er our heads the green alders would sigh,
And whispering breezes consent to our bliss !

As they stole through the reeds, I would press her
more nigh,

Lest zephyr too bold should contend for a kiss.

When I lean'd on her bosom, and pip'd to her praise,
While thou, lovely Willow, look'd down on the stream,
Could I blame the young shepherds that envied my
lays,

If a nymph so divine would attend to my theme ?

But ah ! gentle Willow, how sad is the change !
She's broke all her vows, and forsaken her swain ;
I fly to thy shade, for wherever I range
Shews despair to my anguish, and adds to my pain.

Then trust not, sweet Willow, these smile-springing
skies ;
The stream that reflects thee so fair and refin'd :
When torrents descend, like her frowns they will rise ;
The stains of the stream are like those of the mind.

No more o'er its brink shalt thou languishing look,
I'll make thee the emblem of love-broken vows ;
A wreath weeping Willow I'll bind to my crook,
Another shall circle sad Corydon's brows.

ON PRESENTING A PRIMROSE.

COME, come lovely Primrose, first gift of the spring,
First signal that winter's away,
On Myra's soft bosom thy fragrance all fling,
Forget in her smiles thy decay.

No school-boy so thoughtless has cropp'd thy young
morn,

No rustic has brush'd thee of dew ;
By the hands of a lover thy blossoms are borne,
To join sweets that are spotless like you.

Go triumph, gay flow'ret, that bower is thy own,
No blast sheds its baleful alarms ;
Go taste the rich bliss while the rose is unblown,
That shortly must rival thy charms.

To graver reflections when oft I retire,
One fate may our memories blot ;
Some happier youth may that bosom inspire,
Thou shalt wither, and I be forgot.

The bard had been blest from his earliest morn,
That ne'er trusted a fortune like mine ;
And thou might'st have blossom'd beneath the rude
thorn
Till nature had prest thy decline.

LOVELY SUE.

As beams the moon in yonder sphere,
The clearest and the lightest,
So 'midst the lovely British fair,
My Susan shines the brightest.

The Muses, Loves, and Graces join'd
Some faultless form to view,
Each gave a charm—and all combin'd,
Produc'd my lovely Sue.

On her to look, and not to love,
Scorns all our weak pretences,
Her meanest charms such raptures move,
As ravish all our senses.

A heedless swain without disguise,
I met her in the bower ;
One glance from those resistless eyes
Made captive every power.

A cot I'll rear in yonder plain,
No hostile arm shall harm her ;
And if she deigns to bless her swain,
I'll there conduct my charmer.

This faithful heart shall rove no more,
I live for only you ;
Nor age nor time shall waste my store,
While blest with lovely Sue.

THE SWALLOW.*

*Written May, 1793, on Board His Majesty's Ship Vengeance, on
a Swallow familiarly entering the Ward Room, the Ship being
then a Hundred Leagues from Land, in the Passage to the
West Indies.*

WELCOME hither, airy trav'ler,
Hither rest thy wearied wing,
Though from clime to clime a rev'ler,
Constant to returning spring.

If, along the trackless ocean,
Thou, by chance, has miss'd thy way,
I'll direct thy wav'ring motion,
But a moment with me stay.

* Set to music by Mr Ross, of Aberdeen.

I have news of note to freight thee ;
 Bear a wand'ring sailor's vow ;
So may no dread fate await thee ;
 Love shall be thy pilot now.

Shun, I pray thee, gentle stranger,
 Touch not Gallia's hated shore ;
There is death, and certain danger,
 She is stained with royal gore.

But to happier Britain tend thee,
 Where the milder virtues rove ;
And this kiss, with which I send thee,
 Bear it to my distant love.

Near her window fix thy dwelling,
 No rude hand shall do thee wrong ;
Safer far than arch or ceiling,
 Delia's self shall nurse thy young.

There a thousand soft sensations

Lull the tranquil mind to rest :

Nature there, with fond persuasions,

Oft shall soothe a parent's breast.

Haste then, gentle bird of passage ;

When you leave our wint'ry isle,

Bring me back my Delia's message,

Bring a kiss, and bring a smile.

VERSES

On the last Sufferings of Maria Antoinette, the Queen of France.

TUNE—" *The Son of Alknomook.*"

YE monsters of death, that now howl for your prey,
Whose deeds, black as night, cloud the fair face of
day ;

Thrice welcome your sentence to end all my pain,
Though I shrink at your crimes—yet I scorn to
complain.

Ye dark dreary walls, where a captive I lay
All bedewed with your damps till these locks turn'd
so grey,

Could this blood but of mine from your land wash
the stain,

Oh shed it, ye furies, for I scorn to complain !

When for murder and rapine no victims are left,

When the throne and the altar of all are bereft,
Still the blood of my babes for your guilt shall remain,

O give them but death—and I'll scorn to complain !

When insulted by traitors, doom'd to a cell,

Some far travell'd saint them my suff'rings shall tell,

When the blood of the Cæsars shall mount in each vein,

They shall hear how it flow'd—how I scorn'd to complain !

Ye nations around me, to whom I appeal,

Who shall weep for my wrongs, and record the sad tale—

When thou, gallant Britain, shall pity and feel,

Know, I scorn'd to lament—when I bow'd to their steel !

Lead on then, ye demons, unmov'd see I stand ;

Yet—one tear, at adieu—O thou ill-fated land !

Farewell, my dear babes—'tis for you this last pain !

O welcome, sweet death !—now I scorn to complain.

Portsmouth.

VERSES

On a Young Lady weeping at the Death of a favourite Bird.

COME, ye nine, and join the numbers
 Where your pensive sister weeps ;
 See, alas ! in death's cold slumbers
 Hannah's hapless Dicky sleeps.

As he left his cage, a stranger
 To the sweets of being free,
 Puss entrap'd the thoughtless ranger—
 Fatal chance of liberty.

Deem not, Hannah, crime was in it,
 Thus to wail your Dicky's end ;
 She that feels not for a linnet,
 Ne'er could weep for love or friend.

Hence, ye fair, who rove for pleasure,

Think of danger while you can !

Cats may rob a feather'd treasure,

Trust not fickle, faithless man.

THE FURZE BLOSSOM.

*On a Young Lady promising the Author a Bouquet in the Month
of February, which proved to be a Sprig of Furze Blossom.*

WHILE Flora benumb'd in a mantle of frost,
And her tresses besprinkled with snow,
Impatient awaited the blooms she had lost,
And shew'd but a crocus or two ;

Her hand-maid,* Myrtilla, to pass a round joke,
While she jeer'd with a stupid dull swain,
Declar'd she could raise by a magical stroke,
A bouquet to enliven his strain.

No sooner she spoke than a stranger appear'd
With simplicity mark'd on its bloom ;
Like the rose tree it pointed a thorn for its guard,
And its breath was the jess'mine perfume :

* The young lady is skilled in botany.

Behold then, she cried, as she brandish'd the stem,
 It will teach you a lesson so new :
 From her eyes inspiration awaken'd his theme,
 And this was the moral he drew :

“ Though bleak was the season, and rude was the
 “ spot,
 “ That foster'd those petals so gay ;
 “ While the shrubs of the garden were dead and for-
 “ got,
 “ They gave their wild sweets to the day.

“ As they parted the tree that had nourish'd their
 “ youth,
 “ The desert and woodland among,
 “ Myrtilla pronounc'd them the emblems of truth,
 “ And her bard thus records it in song.

“ Ye fair, whom the beauties of nature can warm,
 “ Who court the recess of the vale ;
 “ Yet there, shall discernment unfold every charm,
 “ When folly and fashion shall fail.

“ Then learn from the flow’ret, now blest in its doom,
“ Though lately transferr’d from the waste ;
“ And the snow-drop, though often neglected to
“ bloom,
“ May be pluck’d by the fingers of taste.”

Portsmouth, 1797.

THE FALLING LEAF.

Written at Mount Edgecumb, in November, 1797.

O'ER these smooth sloping lawns, late so gay and so
flow'ry,

The low driving mists sweep the surface along ;
And high o'er our heads all the clouds look so show'ry,
The season in tears seems to weep to my song.

The sun so enlarg'd in his orb, yet so hazy,
No ray darting downwards enlivens the day ;
And the moon, when 'tis night, from a sky dark and
mazy,
Gives not back to our view what the gloom took
away.

The tints of the landscape to colours more sober,
Now fading and yellow, now wither'd and pale ;
And haply some frost, by the end of October,
Lays low, prematurely, the boast of the vale.

But see, clad in storms, comes the sullen November,
 The grove and the forest their trophies resign,
 And the leaf, as 'tis falling, bids man to remember,
 " As fade now my glories, so shortly must thine."

Come then, my Amanda, with wit and with reason
 Thy presence shall charm all these dull mortal woes;
 As howls the loud tempest, I'll bless the rude season,
 While rock'd by its roar, in thy arms I repose.

The traveller thus wanders, now cheerful, now weary,
 With hope now elated, with horror now torn;
 Benighted and friendless, thro' deserts so dreary,
 Till home is restor'd by the glimpses of morn.

ON A LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE TURNING SOLDIER.

In Imitation of Horace—" ad Iccium."

My learned friend I now behold,
 Equipp'd for sharing Spanish gold ;
 With tow'ring crest and martial air,
 Long whiskers—what a face of hair !
 His charger honest Yorkshire's breed,
 And well he sits the prancing steed :
 Then bow, ye proud directors, bow,
 Whom Austria's bands could never cow ;
 And when he frowns, or moves his clutch,
 Go seek your swamps, ye trembling Dutch.

But when thy arm has wrought the fall
 Of some remorseless bloody Gaul,

What gayest of Parisian dames
 For pointed darts and am'rous flames,
 Shall turn to thee her wishful eyes,
 A victor thou, and she thy prize ?
 If Tallien, what a host of charms !
 Long ancles, shoulders bare, and naked arms !

You want a valet ! chuse at pleasure,
 Around you throng the Etat-Major ;
 All grinning for old English fare,
 'Yclept th' army d'Angleterre.
 Or to the tribune cast your eyes,
 And see the speaker gape and rise,
 With all a Marat's logic grace,
 A tiger's heart, a monkey's face.*
 His speech the bulletins record,
 " Honourable Mention," every word.
 Tho' here the orator presumes
 A tonsor he, and vends perfumes ;

* Alluding to Voltaire's definition of the French character.

How pert, how frisk he enters in !
 How glib he sweeps the yielding chin !
 Murmurs !—'twas but the bristling hair ;
 Applauses !—your mustachios stare.

What wonders then shall give surprize !
 What new-born monsters meet our eyes !
 Shall the fam'd Nile, more famous now,
 From wreaths that circle Nelson's brow,
 To Abyssinia backwards course,
 And bear fresh glories to his source ?
 Shall Thames than Gravesend flow no higher,
 And leave all London town in mire ?
 Since you those classic vales desert,
 Nor leave them with an aching heart :
 Quit bowers and academic groves,
 And walks where science fondly roves,
 Dear seats that woo the muse to play,
 Where Flora might with Darwin stray ;
 For gorget, sash, and pomp of war,
 And cap that marks the stern hussar.

THE SNOW STORM.

AN ELEGY.

 UNA REQUIESCENT IN URNA.

THE day was so dreary, the wind from the east,
 The cold it was pinching to man and to beast,
 And the clouds seem'd to labour with snow ;
 When William had driv'n all his flock to the farm,
 To shelter them well, and to keep them from harm,
 For he saw by the skies it would soon be a storm,
 And he thought it would bluster and blow.

And now, said the shepherd, my stock is all sure,
 My cows from the fell, and my bleaters secure,
 Besides it is Saturday night :
 And if I should loiter, and stay me away,
 And not see my Mary, ah ! what might she say ?
 She might think that her William was going to stray ;
 She might think it was coldness or spite.

He whistled on Tinker, he threw round his plaid,
Nor fear'd the dark night while he sought the dear
maid,

For oft had he trampled that way :
The snow how it drifted, and how the wind blew,
But what was the storm to a lover so true ;
Or the depth of the snow, should he meet but with
you,

Sweet Mary, thy presence was May.

Away as he hied, thought no ill could betide,
And his poor faithful dog trudging close by his side,

For they had no great distance to roam :

“ Through the waste and the woodland, and turning
“ the stile,

“ Why the whole of the journey is scarcely a mile,

“ Let me see but my Mary, one kiss, and a smile,

“ And then I'll return to my home.

“ Come Tinker, come near me, for fear you should
“ stray,

“ The snow it grows deeper, more trackless the way,

“ And I wish not to leave you behind ;
“ If Tinker should tarry, my Mary would sigh,
“ How she calls you “ dear fellow,” and watches
“ your eye ;
“ How she pats on your head, when she bids you go
“ by,
“ Her heart is so tender and kind.”

More dark grew the night, and more fierce the wind
blew,

When the church on the hill was first snatch'd from
his view,

Yet he thought that he heard the church bell :
“ Come, Tinker, before me, and find out the way,
“ For Mary will wonder what makes us to stay,
“ And travellers in winter are apt for to stray,
“ Such stories of pilgrims they tell.”

His faithful companion the snow-drift among,
Bark'd aloud as he cheer'd his lov'd master along,
For no moon or a star could be seen :

Away then they wander'd, benumb'd, and so chill,
 And no more saw the church on the top of the hill,
 Or the light that had gleam'd from the house of the
 mill,

And the frost it was nipping and keen.

He dreaded the cliff that hung over the wave,
 And the half-frozen pool, oft the wanderer's grave,

Then breathless and pale with the blast :

“ Thou Father Almighty, thou Ruler on High !

“ Whose storms shake the ocean, the earth, and the
 “ sky,

“ O protect but my love, and contented I die”—

Thus he pray'd, and these words were his last !

To the lone humble cottage, where Mary forlorn,
 On hopes and on fears was alternately borne,

Poor Tinker ran swift for relief ;

He paw'd at the threshold, he fawn'd at her foot,

Now howling with anguish — now prostrate and mute,
 'Twould have melted a Satyr to see the dumb brute,

But Mary was frantic with grief.

“ This mantle, his present, shall shroud my cold
 “ form,

“ And I’ll search for my love in the depth of the
 “ storm.

“ Come Tinker, come show where he lies :

“ Last night how I dream’d that my William was
 “ here,

“ All blyth and so gay, like the spring of the year ;

“ Ah, me ! how his voice seems to thrill in my ear,

“ How I feast on the glance of his eyes !”

She wrapp’d round her mantle, to shroud her cold
 form,

And her soft flowing locks wav’d abroad to the storm,

Till icicles hung from her hair :

That bosom, where William had often reclin’d,

Was rudely caress’d by the rough piercing wind,

Yet still as it panted, it brought him to mind—

For deep was his love printed there.

She paus'd as she pass'd where the hawthorn tree
grew,

For first in its shade had he vow'd to be true,

And she sighed as she bade it adieu :

She stalk'd to the cliff that hangs over the wave,

And the half-frozen pool now the wanderer's grave ;

The snow drifted round her—one shriek more she
gave—

“ Now William I slumber with you.”

Three days and three nights the loud tempest did last,
Nor shrunk from the weather, nor scar'd by the blast,

Poor Tinker was faithful to death :

He watch'd o'er the spot where the lovers were laid,

Where William was found in the arms of the maid ;

On the hand that had fed him he dropp'd his cold
head,

And, gasping, resign'd his last breath.

In sorrowful dirge they were borne to their home,

And many a villager mourn'd at their tomb,

And wept as they bade it adieu :

And you who may read the sad tale I relate,
 Should you e'er love like them, may you shun their
 hard fate ;
 But know from their virtues their bliss is complete,
 And learn from a dog to be true.*

* Written in London, in February, 1799. The author's trunk was forgotten to be sent by the Portsmouth coach, in which he travelled to London ; a dreadful snow storm took place, and the fall was so great, that he could not move from his lodgings in Newcastle Street. Having no book to amuse him, his travelling companion Horace being left in the trunk, he had no other resource but to write poetry ; and, inspired by the dreary scene surrounding, his muse produced the snow storm.

VERSES

*On seeing Hour Frost on the Ringlets of a beautiful and
charitable Young Lady.*

Ask not why on fair Lucy's cheek
The pinching season cold and bleak,
Has strew'd these locks with frost :
 Why o'er that bosom white as snow,
The shivering ringlets seem to flow,
 As if its warmth was lost ?

That breast may seem to lose its heat,
O'er which the winds so rudely beat,
That heart is lifeless sure :
 Ah, no ! 'tis only gone to roam,
Awhile it leaves its placid home,
 To warm the neighbouring poor.

Devonshire, 1795.

THE LIFE BOAT.

AN ODE.

Addressed to Mr Greathead, the Inventor.

WHEN wintry winds and scowling skies,
O'er all the troubled ocean spread ;
And from the seaman's wishful eyes
The dear lov'd views of port were fled :
While bursting from the brooding storm,
Disaster frown'd on every form ;
Above—the forked lightnings roam,
Beneath—the yawning billows foam :
Ah ! then, through all the dark profound,
No friendly star emits a ray,
Till midnight horrors close him round,
Nor leave one hope of faint reviving day.

Haply return'd from glorious war,
 Where Britain's fleets triumphant roll,
 That bear her naval genius far,
 And waft her fame to either pole,
 His stately bark some lover bore,
 Who sought his long-lost native shore ;
 And after many a gallant toil,
 Now claim'd reward in beauty's smile :
 Or rising in a husband's mind,
 The thoughts of wife and children burn ;
 Where hope still paints in visions kind
 The kiss that fondly waits his wish'd return.

Haply some youth to duty train'd,
 Safe from a sickly climate's harms,
 Whom virtue's purest paths sustain'd,
 Returns to bless a parent's arms.
 Who for a sister's dowry gave
 The fairest gem that scap'd the wave ;
 From distant lands and sultry glades,
 He pants to meet his native shades :

But, hark ! the tempest louder roars !

Beneath them yawns a watery grave ;

The vessel strikes on rocky shores !

Oh ! save them, Heav'n ! ye pitying angels, save !

Thine was the task, advent'rous man !

To snatch the victim from the wave ;—

Blest be the head that form'd the plan,

The heart that had the wish to save !

Impell'd by nice mechanic arts,

The well-trimm'd skiff its aid imparts ;

The deep yields up its half-won prey,

And sinking eye-balls beam with day !

A gift, beyond the poet's flame,

A grateful crew shall incense burn,

And GREATHEAD shine in deathless fame,

While love and friendship hail the tar's return !

Cawsand Bay.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading Mrs Cheney's pathetic Verses subjoined to her Drawing of Col. Cheney's Cottage, then abroad in the Service of his Country.

BEHOLD this grove, the bower of taste,
 By beauty's pencil finely trac'd ;
 While light and shade their tints bestow,
 How meek the blended colours glow !
 For here the kindred muse has stray'd,
 To consecrate the hallow'd glade ;
 And every bird that warbles there,
 Proclaims within some happy pair.

But when to iron fields of war,
 Stern honour calls the hero far ;
 That heart by holy faith inspir'd,
 And breath to heavenly accents fir'd ;
 By prayers to angels songs allied,
 Shall turn the fearful ball aside,

And infant lips with kisses burn,
To hail their gallant sire's return.

So while to lay the tyrant low,
Britannia's graceful warriors go,
Ah ! may such shades, when fate decrees,
Receive them back to homefelt ease ;
And beauty long with purer flames,
Than ever warm'd Laconia's dames,
Repay their toils in native skies,
And love, like Harriet's, be the prize.

THE VOLUNTEER;
OR, THE QUEEN OF THE ISLES.

A SONG.

ALL hail ! to the Queen of the Isles,
To the heroes that spring from her soil,
Whose task is to fight for mankind—
And hail ! to the spot where true liberty smiles,
Where a lasting retreat she shall find,
And no tyrant her altars despoil.

CHORUS.

Then let each volunteer,
To the land he holds dear,
A full bumper of loyalty bring ;
To the laws we defend,
To the prince we adore,
To our lass and our friend,
What can Britons do more
Than bumpers of loyalty swing—

And long, O ! ye powers,
 Be the privilege ours
 To boast of our Country and King,
 To fight for our Country and King.

While kingdoms degraded and beat,
 And the spirit of Europe is flown,
 Regardless of glory's reward—
 To the Queen of the Isles, honour looks for her seat,
 With a nation of heroes her guard,
 And her pledge their unsullied renown.

CHORUS.

Then War bid thy clarion sound,
 Thy signal be "Vict'ry or death,"
 And ours shall be kindred and friend.
 To the land where we live, our last wishes are bound,
 Which, dying, we still will defend,
 And her fame to our sons we bequeath.

CHORUS.

All hail ! to the Queen of the Isles,
 To the heroes that spring from her soil,
 Whose task is to fight for mankind—
 And hail ! to the spot where true liberty smiles,
 Where a lasting retreat she shall find,
 And no tyrant her altars despoil.

CHORUS.

Then let each volunteer,
 To the land he holds dear,
 A full bumper of loyalty bring ;
 To the laws we defend,
 To the prince we adore,
 To our lass and our friend,
 What can Britons do more
 Than bumpers of loyalty swing—
 And long, O ! ye powers,
 The sweet blessing be ours
 To drink to a Patriot King,
 To die for our Country and King.

9th November, 1807.

EXTEMPORE LINES

*On the thick Weather and heavy Rain of Sunday, December 2nd,
being the Coronation of Napolcon Bonaparte.*

WHEN Bonaparte's crimes had polluted the land,
And the knave to a monster had grown,
Lo ! the Vicar of Christ, at the altar must stand,
To present the usurper a crown.
But the God of the Skies the foul treason forbade,
And to wash out so horrid a stain,
Withdrew the fair Sun lest it witnessed the fraud,
And he deluged creation with rain.

20th December, 1804.

DAMON AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

SAYS Damon to Chloe, I've rear'd me a bower
With trees of each beautiful hue,
Sweet cowslips and daisies embroider the floor,
And I long much to shew it to you.

A neat little cot, at the foot of a hill,
You may see where it rises to view,
Some acres of land, and a murmuring rill,
O ! I long much to shew them to you.

A bird in the shade can each secret repeat
That our swains in their courtship renew,
I'll make the young warbler declare from his seat
All their amorous frolics to you.

Amused with his prattle, she went to the grove,
Ev'ry flower look'd more lovely to view ;
And all, says the swain, is a gift for my love,
The sheep and the shepherd for you.

He ask'd her for something—it might be a kiss,
And it mov'd her she could not tell how ;
But there she first promis'd to crown all his bliss,
And gave the fond shepherd her vow.

I'm charm'd, said the maid, with your cottage and
bower,
Dear Damon, I'll ever be true ;
While the Sun decks the rose, or the dew bathes a
flower,
I'll never love shepherd but you.

EDEN STREAMS.

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMSON.

YE youths, that haunt the Teviot's side,
 Or sport along the silver Tweed,
 What vales delight, what fates divide,
 What charms awake my Jamie's reed ?
 To Ettrick Braes perhaps he's fled,
 'Midst forest flowers his laurel beams ;
 Or haply stretch'd by sylvan Jed,
 He pipes no more by Eden's streams.

To Leader-haugh I'll gladly stray,
 If chance he roves through Cowden-knows,
 Though sweet their broom, and haughs so gay,
 I'll lead him back where Eden flows.
 Or like the maid on Yarrow's side,
 I'll seek my love in frantic dreams :
 Her's was the Yarrow's early pride,
 And mine the boast of Eden's streams.

Then mourn, thou dear deserted flood,
 Go murmur to thy banks along ;
 And sigh, soft echo of the wood,
 For thou no more shalt hear his song.
 Those sweets are fled that loiter'd here ;
 The season's face in sorrow seems ;
 Those notes he warbled smooth and clear
 Are heard no more on Eden's streams.

Yet oft, in these neglected shades,
 That nurs'd the poet of the year,
 Shall fancy, led by sylvan maids
 And meek-ey'd memory, shed the tear :
 While glides that wave, with willows crown'd,
 Beneath pale Cynthia's evening beams,
 Gay youths and genii hovering round,
 Shall deck his bower on Eden's streams.

Kelso, September, 1788.

THE SHEPHERD OF CARE.*

A SONG.

WHEN oft to the woodlands my notes I attune,
 As I chaunt me some ballad of old ;
 Or haply I rove by the pale waning moon,
 While my flocks are secure in the fold :
 Then the pert and the vain my lone musings beset,
 At my visage and gesture they stare ;
 And point, as they pass, at my slow moving gait,
 And they call me the shepherd of care.

Too well they essay, in the lines of my face,
 What was grav'd by the fingers of love—
 Ah ! vain from the heart those endearments to chase,
 Which kindred emotions will prove.

* Set to music by Mr T. Monro, London.

If, by chance, when more gaily I join in the throng,
And though Mira herself should be there,
Though my bosom beats high to the raptures of song,
Still my looks bear the emblems of care.

Yet I will not, ye powers, ever curse my estate,
Though the charmer should never be mine ;
With pilgrim's devotion I bow to my fate,
Till passion itself shall resign.
As the bird for its mate to the thicket complains,
To the woodlands my steps shall repair,
O ! you, whose warm hearts ever throbb'd with wild
pain,
Come and pity a shepherd of care.

LINES

Left under the large Pine in the Amphitheatre at Mount Edgecombe, on being stung by a Nettle, Sunday, July 6, 1800.

HERE as I fly from worldly cares,
 From noise, from pleasure's luring snares ;
 Where scarce a sun-beam dares invade,
 Or zephyr stir the silent shade ;
 A fairer name, in artless song,
 Shall breathe these vocal woods among
 Than e'er Arcadian chaplets wore,
 Or Edgecombe's echoes heard before :
 But while my wearied limbs recline
 Beneath thy arms, thou aged pine,
 A loathsome weed annoys thy guest,
 And robs him of his wished-for rest.—
 Ah ! well I know, thou rev'rend tree,
 Thou art but life's epitome ;
 Though sun-shine glistens on thy head,
 A *Nettle* stings beneath the shade.

SONNETS

*On a Prospect of Peace, written at St. Helen's, in the Summer of
1797.**

SONNET I.

HUSH'D is the sullen tempest's angry roar,
And pass'd the drooping cloud surcharg'd with rain,
The fleecy wave rolls gently to the shore,
And clear blue skies disclose their suns again.
Lo ! from yon op'ning ether, all serene,
And with those smiles she wore in days of yore,
Peace, cherub-like, descends to bless the plain,
And war and terror's voice are heard no more.
Glad nature, lately grim with deaths and fears,
And all her pathways strew'd with sorrow's thorn,
Awakes, emerging, from a flood of tears,
And bids new raptures hail the rising morn :
Her hand's a rod, her brow fresh foliage wears,
'This soothes the storm, and that the desert cheers.

* Lord Malmesbury was then in France negotiating for peace.

SONNET II.

Come then, sweet peace ! celestial offspring come !
O ! give to Britain's Isle her lov'd repose ;
And leave to keen remorse the traitor's doom,
And faction glutting on a nation's woes,
For thee each meek-eyed virtue springs and grows,
Thine is the culture, and for thee they bloom ;
Like flowers that only blush while summer glows,
And shun the blast, and shrink at winter's gloom.
Behold the jocund hours impatient stay !
Love leads the dance, and music strikes the lyre ;
Love, that shall every other care repay,
And music, that shall every joy inspire.
Come then, thou heavenly stranger ! come away,
And late and long thy olive branch display.

THE BEGGAR'S BUSH.

(Cut down by a Maniac about 48 Years ago.)

WHERE now is the bush which the beggar frequented,
That skirted the edge of the dew-spangled vale ;
Conjecture alone spoke the age it was planted,
But who of its fall shall relate the sad tale. . .

How oft to its bower, when its top was all flowery,
Have I paus'd from my sports to contemplate the
scene ;
And oft when the clouds looked so sullen and showery,
I've sought a retreat till the skies grew serene.

There, too, have I witness'd the weather-beat gipsy
All wrinkled and wan, yet so merry and gay ;
And laid on his budget so noisy and tipsy,
How glib went the hours of the wand'rer away.

And poverty here has obtained consolation,
 And age and misfortune suspended their woes ;
 The far-travell'd tar, with his lengthened narration,
 The scar-covered veteran has found a repose.

But where are my comrades in frolic and pleasure,
 That led up the dance on the new-shaven green ;
 When school and employment gave pastime and leisure,
 Ah ! where are the village delights to be seen.

When I traverse the meadow, the dale, and the mountain,
 How chang'd and how alter'd the landscape appears ;
 Each streamlet and river, each spring and each fountain,
 They speak revolution from time and from years.

McIrose, 1802.

THE ASS.

AN ODE,

On the Melioration of the Species.

POOR ass ! it joys me much to see thee glad,
 And with that saddle new upon thy back ;
 No longer dost thou look demure and sad,
 For thou hast been of late a fav'rite hack.
 Yet humbly still thou treadst the ground,
 Thy modest front with ribband bound,
 Shaking thy silver bit along :
 Smooth is thy hide as any down,
 Not cudgel'd now by lusty clown,
 Or by a dusky tinker's thong.

Poor brute ! so lately doom'd to fag,
 To toil and sweat from day to day ;
 Thy life near famine's hut to drag,
 On stones thy wearied trunk to lay.

What lucky star has chang'd thy lot ?
 Are all those rugged times forgot ?
 From misery's rub !
 Nor trudging down the dusty street,
 Nibbling each dirty weed you meet,
 In pools or dub.

Oft have I met thee waddling on the road,
 Bending beneath thy panniers, stuff'd and tied,
 Of rags and rusty iron, a monstrous load,
 And eke a beggar's brat on either side ;
 Forth from a greasy bag their long necks throwing,
 Just like two well-fed geese to market going ;
 Gabbling and gulping down, from wooden dish,
 Sour curds and leeks, or mess of stinking fish.
 Yet meek wert thou beneath the load,
 Gentle as when you bore a God,
 While all around Hosannas loud did ring,
 And bade the impious Jews behold their king.

But though despis'd of man, and mock'd to scorn,
 Just like thy master, he of Bethlehem born,

Still bounteous nature had a mind,
 Thy fortune was not all unkind,
 Some cause you had to be content.
 Thou ne'er hast heard the din of arms,
 Thy breast no trumpet's sound alarms,
 A peaceful drudge thy days were spent.
 Go weigh the charger's fate with thine
 Drest and caparison'd so fine ;
 Now to martial music dancing,
 Snorting, rearing, bounding, prancing,
 Now the field of glory treading,
 Lamè and legless, fainting, bleeding.

Ah ! I have seen him borne beyond the main,
 Each toil forgotten and each danger brav'd,
 On foreign shores by free-born Britons slain,
 Starv'd and destroy'd by those his valour sav'd.
 Yes, where yon tow'ring Cape divides the wave,
 Where bled the noblest host of loyal Gauls,
 And where yon tides two humbler islands lave,
 Inglorious there, the English charger falls.*

* A short time after the massacre of the army of French Loyalists

Then curse with me this age of steel,
 Till W——'s heart shall own and feel ;
 And should one sigh his bosom pass,
 Go thank thy stars that thou wert doom'd an ass.

Once I beheld thee by the stable door,
 And down thy face the showers of hunger flew ;
 While the stall'd horse had oats and hay in store,
 A thistle's top was all thou hadst to chew.
 Harsh was the bite, the prickles stinging,
 The blood at every gnash was springing ;
 There, thou like Laz'rus, he like Dives stood
 Cramming his pamper'd maw with dainty food.

But cease, thou gentle ass, to fret and whine,
 Nor envious be to view the well-fed steed ;
 Though grooms attend him, clad in liv'ries fine,
 And man records with pride his noble breed ;

at Cape Quiberon, in 1795, a body of cavalry, amounting to 1,200, were sent out, but with only two weeks provender in the transports. Not being able to effect a junction with the loyalist army, the greater part died of hunger on board ; and 300 were carried on shore to the little islands, Hedic and Houat, where they were *killed off* by musketry.

Go turn to Talavera's plain,
And see the mighty warrior slain.
Cover'd with dust and blood, on life's last brink,
He calls a Spanish ass to bring him drink.
So Dives laid in Hell, 'midst torments dire,
Cried "water, Laz'rus, for I burn with fire!"
Then tell thy kind their case might still be worse,
Nor glory seek beside the slaughter'd horse.

But while I hail thee on this glad promotion,
Still let me just advise thee as a friend ;
Perhaps yon donkies have not learn'd the notion,
That happy hours and flowering seasons end.
We mortals find when skies are smiling,
Some sullen cloud our hopes beguiling,
Above our heads the thunders burst,
That lay us level with the dust.
What, if they tax thy bit and saddle,
Thou must again with beggars waddle ;
Be beat till every rib is sore,
And beg thy scrip from door to door.

Alas ! thou oft mayst want a bit of grass,
Nor pity find from any human ass.

Yes, trust me, I delight to see thee gay,
And lovely Laura seated on thy back ;
She, like the forest's queen in flow'ry May,
The envy thou of every other hack.
And while you pace to Laura's song,
Or drag your little car along,
May fear and shame o'erspread the face
That dares t'insult thy honest race :
Erskine himself shall nobly rise,
Again a listening senate charm,
Teach mankind how to sympathise,
And half creation's wrath disarm :*
Thou, too, shall rise in being's scale,
And pity for the ass o'er all the world prevail.

* Alluding to his bill in the peers, to prevent cruelty to domestic animals.

LOOKS AND EYES.

A SONG.*

THOSE eyes are tell-tales, Love,
That fondly turn to thee ;
Though by no art they move,
How well their tasks agree.

The lips with kisses glowing,
The tongue prepar'd to tell :
With warm persuasion flowing,
They speak not half so well.

The heart to transports beating,
The breast surcharg'd with sighs ;
E'en hopes beyond repeating,—
O ! give them looks and eyes.

* Set to music by Mr Ross, of Aberdeen.

Then mark the kind confession,
Ah ! own the magic spell ;
How perfect is expression,
When looks and eyes can tell.

Those eyes are tell-tales, Love,
That fondly turn to thee ;
Though by no art they move,
How well their tasks agree.

THE AUTUMNAL ROSE.

*On presenting a Rose to Mrs T——, on the 25th of September,
1810, being her Wedding Day.*

SWEET rose, that to autumnal sky,
For once has spread thy beauteous form,
Go taste what other suns supply,
And shelter from the coming storm :
O ! there prolong thy fragrant flower,
And bask within a nuptial bower.

Sweet rose, so long the muse's prize,
By every love-sick poet sung ;
Still to delight admiring eyes,
On Flora's fav'rite mantle hung :
What summer flower in all its bloom
E'er met so fair so blest a doom.

And when with chaste confusion warm,
On that soft cheek the blush shall steal,
Thy glow shall, with reflected charm,
The heart's emotions half conceal :
Then, as those tints shall die away,
Read in their fate thy own decay.

THE HAWTHORN;
OR, THE DISCONSOLATE TAR.
A SONG.*

WHEN homeward returning, I quitted the wars,
Though with wealth not much burthen'd, I boasted
some scars,
How my heart beat with rapture to view the lov'd
spot,
As the smoke rose so fast from my dear native cot.
With what tender emotions I travers'd the scene,
As I turn'd to the hawthorn that skirted the green,
Sweet hawthorn tree !

Yet, methought, as I view'd it so whiten'd with May,
With weeds and with brambles it no longer look'd
gay ;

* Set to music by Mr J. Monro, London.

When a grey-headed shepherd reclin'd in the shade,
First unfolded the tale of my favourite maid—

“ She hath died for her sailor”—and he uttered a
groan,—

Ah ! dull blooms the hawthorn, for Anna is gone !

Sweet hawthorn tree !

With a heart pierc'd with anguish, I quitted the spot,
Farewell thou sweet hawthorn, farewell my dear cot—

If the tar on the ocean is hard and unkind,

Ah ! whence then these torments that harrow my
mind :—

Yet I scorn your compassion, ye false haunts of man,

The wars and the billows shall wail for my Ann !

Sweet hawthorn tree !

VACCINATION.

AN ODE, INSCRIBED TO DR JENNER.

Written on the Recovery of an Infant.

 JAM NOVA PROGENIES CÆLO DEMITTITUR ALTO.

SEE where yon sportful cherub lies,
 And feasts the fondest mother's eyes,
 While smiles responsive glow ;
 There science, led by Jenner's art,
 From fell disease has pluck'd the dart,
 And lightens human woe.

But late with pestilential breath
 Contagion spread the blasts of death,
 And terror stalk'd around ;
 The piercing shriek, the dying groan,
 The passing hearse, the bell's deep tone,
 Were heard in mingled sound.

See youth ! see health ! their tints resume,
And beauty rescued from the tomb,
 Shines forth in native grace ;
No blighted feature bloats the charm,
But fresh as from creation warm
 First sprung the human face.

Ye, who e'er felt th' ecstatic bliss
To snatch from infant lips the kiss,
 With bosom's beating pleasure ;
Behold me clasp my smiling boy,
Thus vow to Heaven a father's joy,
 And rock my cradled treasure.

But, O ! what meed shall crown the plan,
What mighty boon reward the man,
 Who taught the art to save ;
Who bore the mandate of his God,
And, Saviour-like, on sickness trod,
And triumph'd o'er the grave ?

Avaunt ! ye mean degenerate crew,
The work neglected shrinks from you,
Shrinks from polluted hands ;
Go bind your coronets and stars,*
Where nature bleeds from guilty wars,
Where mourn devoted lands.

To souls that watch o'er public good,
To bosoms pure from country's blood,
The nobler task is given ;
Hark ! sounds seraphic tune the spheres,
From parent eyes are wiped the tears,
And angels ope their heaven.

The muses shall attest their sage,
And bear the theme from age to age,
In songs of exultation ;

* The friends of the immortal philanthropist had some fears about

And glory, with her flag unfurl'd,
Shall hail the patriot of the world,
“ A Peer of God's Creation.”

this time that the autocrat had it in contemplation to create him a baron, as had been done with little Dimsdale! Some trinket or picture was, however, sent to the Doctor.

ELEGY

ON CAPTAIN ROBERT FAULKNER,

*Who was killed in the West Indies, on Board His Majesty's
Ship Blanche, in an Engagement with La Pique French Fri-
gate, of superior Force, on January 5, 1795.*

WHILE o'er yon sea-beat cliff Britannia stands,
And weeps to waves her naval arm commands ;
While round her temples fresh-blown laurels glow,
As to the watery waste she tells her woe,
And oft returning to the tempest's roar,
Claims many a valiant son—alas ! no more !
Haply with heaving breast and anxious sighs,
Her fancy roves where gallant Courtney lies ;*
Or to that spot she wistful turns her view
To seek thy tomb, lamented Montagu !†

* G. W. Aug. Courtney killed in the Boston, of 32 guns, engaging a French frigate, of 40 guns.

† Capt. James Montagu killed in the Montagu, on the 1st of June, 1794.

Where late her darling hero frowning stood,
 And pour'd her vengeance o'er the trembling flood ;
 By Heaven's own mandate shook the guilty host,
 And bore their shatter'd wrecks to Albion's coast.
 Hark ! where the lovely mourner stoops to wail,
 How echoing shores prolong the piteous tale,
 And still as soft remembrance sobs and bleeds,
 And points in mute despair to Faulknor's deeds,
 Triumphant shouts of more than mortal fame
 Record each act, and hail the hero's name.

Advent'rous youth, by what new* danger fir'd,
 By more than Greek or Roman worth inspir'd,
 What mighty purpose swell'd thy daring soul,
 Urged the pursuit, and gave thee full control,
 When Britain's genius hov'ring near to view,
 Led on thro' clouds of night, thy dauntless crew ?
 Unrival'd toils her tars alone could brave,
 And tempt alike the combat and the wave !

* Capt. F. commanded the Zebra, at the taking of Martinico.

See Gazette.

Thou favour'd isle, rais'd o'er the subject sea,
 Theirs is the noble task to guard thee, free !
 In vain the struggling foe prepares for flight,
 Or looks for safety to the glooms of night ;
 Britannia's sons with matchless ardour glow,
 Pant for the fight, and lash the hostile prow ;
 Close as the levell'd charge could pour its load,
 Volcano-like their flaming muzzles glow'd ;
 Dread and dismay, 'midst showers of whizzing ball,
 And crashing masts, affright the vanquish'd Gaul :
 No more for aid he hails the friendly shore,
 While every leeward scupper streams with gore ;
 'Twas then, when Victory o'er the conflict hung,
 Ah ! then the fatal shot thy vitals stung !*
 Fate saw thy fame, too much for man to know,
 Look'd envious on, and gave th' untimely blow !
 Loud shriek'd each Nereid at the hero's doom,
 And sea-green Tritons watch his coral tomb.

* Capt. Faulknor was shot through the heart, by a Frenchman, from the bowsprit of La Pique, having previously lashed the bowsprit of the enemy to the capstan of La Blanche, with his own hands.

Accept, blest shade ! this sad elegiac lay,
 A sigh, a tear, one friendly muse may pay !
 Some happier bard, by bolder raptures fir'd,
 Warm'd by thy valour, by thy deeds inspir'd,
 To future times thy glorious tale shall tell,
 And, sorrowing, mark where Britain's Faulknor fell ;
 And when the wandering tar approaches near,
 As from his honest front he wipes the tear,
 Or wondering at the sympathy of woe,
 Feels all his breast with martial ardour glow,
 There every youthful heart shall pant for fame
 From thy example emulate thy name.

Spithead, 1st April, 1795.

ELEGY

*On the Death of a favourite Lap-Dog, belonging to Miss Curtis,
of Gatcombe House, Hunts, that died from eating Rat Poison.*

'TWAS to the cellar's dusky glooms below,
With poison strew'd where rats their treasure hide,
Poor Guess descended in an hour of woe ;
He snuff'd, he tasted—sicken'd, sobb'd, and died.

In vain that voice that call'd him oft to play,
Reclaims him, sinking to the arms of death—
“ My faithful dog,—hark ! to our sports, away,”—
Fix'd were his eyes—nor mov'd that parting breath.

The soft compassion through the kitchen spread—
Not such, alas ! when common fav'rites die ;
Cold on his bier, William laid his head,
And maids and footmen answer sigh with sigh.

Long were his little pranks their evening talk,
Not such as vulgar lap-dogs used to boast ;
How gay he cheer'd his mistress in her walk,
How fond he leap'd to share her butter'd toast.

Yet meek his manners, humble was his taste,
He crav'd not fare that human wants beguil'd ;
No gravy soups, ragouts, or sugar'd paste,
But could have starv'd to save a beggar's child.

And thou, sweet maid, whose eyes with tears o'erflow,
Whose bosom throbs at ev'ry creature's smart,—
Ne'er may that friendship which thy dog could show,
Be sham'd in man to wrong thy gentle heart.

Portsmouth, 1796.

GLADSWOOD BANK.*

A SONG.

THE sun gangs doon wi' a' his pride,
When last he blinks on Bimmerside ;
And sweetly break his morning rays,
When first he lights on Drygrange braes—
But shield me from the noon-tide beam,
In Gladswood shades by yonder stream.

O ! Cowden-knows, and Leeder's vales,
Brown Yarrow's birks and Ettrick's dales ;
The trout through roaring Gala glides,
And fairies haunt the Allan's sides—
But Fancy's softest, sweetest dream,
Is Gladswood's bank and Tweed's dear stream.

In Spring those hazel bowers among,
The warblers first essay their song ;

* A romantic spot on the Tweed, opposite Old Melrose.

Enraptur'd echoes soft and shrill,
Reply from ev'ry neighb'ring hill—
And silver Tweed winds slowly by,
Enamour'd of the lullaby.

Will Mary then the task disdain,
Nor haste to join the woodland strain ;
Such sounds divine shall greet her ear,
'Tis Scotia's Tempe all the year !—
Blest forms shall every care arrest,
And Gladswood's echoes tell the rest.

THE GIFTS OF PEACE.

A SONG.

BEHOLD, return'd with laurels crown'd,
 And after many a sultry toil,
 The British warrior, still renown'd,
 Is welcom'd from the distant Nile :
 Hark ! hark ! what shouts salute the gale,
 'Tis peace, sweet peace ! the soldier's tale.

For glory's freight, to either pole,
 The gallant tar no more shall roam,
 And while the brooding tempests scowl,
 Shall hug his fav'rite lass at home :
 Hark ! hark ! what cheers salute the gale,
 'Tis peace, sweet peace ! the seaman's tale.

'Midst bowers of bliss, dear native shades,
Where peace and plenty smile so gay,
Where lovers woo their willing maids,
How fond they laugh the hours away :
A sigh no more shall swell the gale,
'Tis peace, sweet peace ! the shepherd's tale.

With king and constitution safe,
Our coasts secure, and liberty,
Each British heart a cup shall quaff,—
And “lasting peace” the toast shall be :
Soft sounds, sweet notes, shall swell the gale,
'Tis peace, sweet peace ! the Briton's tale.

April, 1802.

BRITISH LIBERTY.

TOTO DIVISOS ORBE BRITANNOS.

A SONG,

*Written and intended to have been sung at a Dinner given by the
neighbouring Justices, at the Conclusion of the Radical Heresy,
to a Volunteer Corps.*

ENTHRONED 'midst ocean's rocks and sands,

Where winds and waves surround us ;

Divided from all other lands,

The Roman conq'ror found us.

No plough had tamed our rugged soil,

No arts, no laws, our manners ;

Till rous'd the genius of our isle,

And freedom spread her banners.

CHORUS.

From slave alike, and faction free,
The gift was British Liberty !

The tuneful spheres, with shouts did bound,
As fame records the story ;
Old ocean hail'd the welcome sound,
And look'd to naval glory.
Through floods of blood, and fields of death,
The daring Briton sought her ;
Bequeath'd the prize with dying breath,
Nor thought he dearly bought her.

CHORUS.

Fair order from confusion ran,
At freedom's darling summons ;
And fate confirm'd the mighty plan,
By King—by Lords—and Commons.

The states around beheld us free,
 Then Britons long preserve it;
 And bid the crouching nations see,
 That Britons ye deserve it.

CHORUS.

The throne arose, the people's choice,
 And charm'd by intuition;
 And union seal'd the nation's voice,
 Our free-born constitution.
 High Heaven defend that sacred head!
 Though fiends and factions bellow—
 A nation's prayers shall watch his bed—*
 And angels smoothe his pillow!

CHORUS.

From tyrants—and from factions free—
 Ours—ours, be British Liberty!

* The last illness of George the Third.

CALEDONIA'S LAMENTATION.

A DIRGE.*

On the Death of Gen. Sir John Moore.

THE night storm rav'd loudly, and drear was the
dawning,

Ah ! sad was the tale which the morn did unfold !
O'er Scotia's brown hills, nought was heard but deep
moaning,

As the fate of her Moore and his glories were told.
Ah ! mourn Caledonia, Ah ! mourn for thy Moore.

The genii of Clyde as they rush'd from his fountains,
Bade the nymphs of the stream the lov'd chieftain
deplore,

And echoes bewail'd in the caves of his mountains,
To hallow the banks that gave birth to his Moore.
Oh ! mourn Caledonia, &c.

* Set to music by Mr Ross, of Aberdeen.

But, aloft in the skies, with effulgence bright stream-
ing,

A form was descried that subdued all their fears ;
His name set in stars on her zone was seen beaming,
“ I come,” she exclaimed, “ for to wipe off your
tears.”

Weep not, Caledonia ! weep not for your Moore !

The tomb of the hero with laurels I’ve strew’d it,
And tyrants shall tremble to call it to mind :
Those fingers have deck’d it, those eyes have bedew’d
it,

The tears of an angel in grief for mankind !
Weep not Caledonia ! weep not for your Moore !

CONSECRATION OF THE HOWE OAK,

At Housebyre-Tower, Roxburghshire, on Friday, the 1st of June, 1827, being the thirty-third Anniversary of the Victory obtained by His Majesty's Fleet, under the Command of Admiral Earl Howe, K. G., over the French Fleet in 1794.

ET MORIENS CARUM RECORDABOR ARGOS.

Virgil.

THOU spacious oak, thy arms expand,
 To share the Summer's vital breeze;
 Thou boast of Britain's happy land,
 And claim for her the subject seas !

I bless thee, oak, on this bright day,
 When sea-born tribes their shells attune,
 And wake the loud triumphant lay,
 To hail the glorious FIRST OF JUNE !

With vaunting hopes and vengeful pride,
 O'er ocean tower'd the haughty Gaul;
 Wav'd his tri-colour'd banner wide,
 Till Howe achiev'd the mighty fall.

Some kindred tree, from every wood,
 Haply the patriot band shall join;
 Some future Howe shall o'er the flood
 Lead forth the gay victorious line.

Go then, fair oak, and brave the storm,
 Nor dread the wint'ry tempest's rage;
 Assume thy bold majestic form,
 And gain the trophied front of age.

To Britain's King!—and Britain's cause!
 (On royal oak thy charter graven!)
 To British rights!—and British laws!
 The guardian thou!—the gift of Heaven!

THE APOLOGY.

“ THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.”

Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear the hills that lift him to the storms,
While the loud whirlwind and the tempest's roar,
But bind him to his native rocks the more.

GOLDSMITH.

Do you ask why I cling to this moss-woven hill ;
Why the breeze on its summit is life to me still ;
Why delighted I rove o'er its slopes and its vales,
While its echoes repeat all my boy-gotten tales—
O ! the charm is unfolded that makes my heart beat,
'Twas the land of my fathers, their hallow'd retreat.

No treasury pillag'd here strikes me with fear ;
No provinces plunder'd, have mark'd my career :
My country alone is the party I own,
And the bed of her heroes I've pillow'd with down ;

The voice of their friendship shall soothe all my woes,
 And her Howes and her Nelsons have seal'd my
 repose.

Though poor, lame, and blind, like the Roman of old ;
 My conscience my treasure, my faith is unsold,—
 All favours denied me—I grieve not for state ;
 'Tis the lesson of patience to learn to forget.
 The warm-hearted tar still as true as he's brave,
 Shall remember his friend when he visits my grave.

When thy navy, O ! Britain, stood fix'd with alarm,*
 And disease, death, and horror suspended thy arm ;
 How promptly did health bring thee solace and balm,
 Thy coasts were secure, and thy bosom was calm :
 Again on thy flag see fresh victory shine,
 Then blush, O ! thou ingrate, if poverty's mine.

* The contagious fever spread by the French prisoners taken on the 1st of June, 1794, and the general scurvy in Spring, 1795, that pervaded every ship of the fleet—the most dangerous occurrences that ever threatened a naval armament.

When the widow and orphan before thee are led,
 Wilt thou scornfully turn should they ask thee for
 bread ;

While those you caress have betrayed you by wiles,
 And the foul mouth of rapine is fed by thy smiles—
 Wilt thou count the proud millions those measures
 did save,

Wilt thou number the heroes I snatch'd from the
 grave ?

Yet, O ! thou blest isle ! still be glory thy shield,
 And blest be the sceptre thy monarch shall wield ;
 Be mine the repose of the virtuous mind,
 And Fame and thy honours, I leave you behind—
 Heaven's bounty forsakes not the righteous man's
 head ;

And his babes we are told shall not beg for their bread.

Graze on then, my herd, what these mountains may
 yield,

The blood of my country manures not the field ;

And sport, my dear flock, while the morn sheds its
dew,

Nor dread the destroyer shall forage for you.

Come welcome the meek and the mild to the spot ;

Ye proud and ye vain shun the door of my cot.

Sweet muse ! still my comrade, whatever my doom,

That has cherish'd the sick bed, strew flowers to the
tomb—

When nature's appall'd, and ingratitude strong,

Hush the wearied to rest — be triumphant thy song :

With faith and with hope the last conflict enliven,

Quit thy pilgrim alone at the portals of Heaven.

FORLORN HOPE.

A SONG.

ERE the dew shall be brush'd from the thorn ;
Ere the lark his swift pinions shall wave ;
Ere the clouds of the night are dispell'd by the morn,
Shall I look to my shroud and my grave.

Since the business of life is to die ;
O ! how hard is the lot of the brave ;
The knave and the coward, and traitor—O ! fie !
Are secure of a shroud and a grave.

What is honour—and glory—and fame—
What is vict'ry itself to the brave !
Should his country deny the last boon he shall claim,
O ! he asks but a shroud and a grave !

Ere the dew shall be brush'd from the thorn ;

Ere the lark his swift pinions shall wave :

Ere the clouds of the night are dispell'd by the morn,

Shall I look to my shroud and my grave.

THE DIRGE OF THE GOOD AND THE BRAVE.

FIRST SINGER.

WHEN the good and the brave shall resign their career,
 With a sigh for the land they had sav'd;
 Then shall cherubs descend their last moments to
 cheer,
 And their deeds in the skies be engrav'd—
 Then the songs of the blest shall be heard at the
 grave,
 As a dirge to the good and the brave.

SECOND SINGER.

The bosom that pants for the meed of renown,
 Here its star and conductor shall find:
 And here shall it point to the sceptre and crown,
 That gave freedom and worth to mankind—

Then the trumpet of Fame shall be heard at the
grave,
As a dirge to the good and the brave.

THIRD SINGER.

Though tyrants may threat with a scaffold and block ;
And may strike at their mortal career :
Though faction envenom'd may give the last shock,
And deny them the gift of a tear—
Yet bright beauty shall chaunt to her lute at the
grave,
As a dirge to the good and the brave.

FOURTH SINGER.

And when time has grown old, and shall finish his
round ;

THIRD SINGER.

And his glories to ruin are hurl'd :

SECOND SINGER.

Their career shall renew— and their acts be renown'd,

FIRST SINGER.

And survive the last wreck of a world—

ALL.

Then the angel that strung the sweet harp at the
grave,

Shall rejoice with the good and the brave.*

* From the tragedy of The Noble Foundling, or Hermit of the Tweed, written by the Author.

SUSPIRIA OCEANI:

*A Monody on the Death of Richard Earl Howe, K. G., Admiral
of the Fleet, and General of His Majesty's Marine Forces.*

UTCUNQUE PLACUERIT DEO.

LOUD is the plaint when worth must yield to Fate,
And the last honours on the patriot wait;
When weeping crowds bedew the face of day,
And Woe's black ensigns darken all the way;
For those whose genius born to bless mankind,*
Its virtues cherish'd, or its vice confin'd :
To Truth's clear path the truant mind reclaim'd ;
By laws divine the human savage tam'd :
For freedom only bade Britannia arm,
And gave the peaceful arts an endless charm.

* Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo, &c.—*Virgil*.

Then o'er the tomb where their cold ashes sleep,
 The laurels tremble, and the marbles weep ;
 That point the great and good to deathless fame,
 And rouse in manly breasts the heav'nly flame.

These to her HOWE a grateful country owes,
 Her bosom throbbing while her hand bestows ;
 Nor to the fragile stone, or mould'ring bust,
 Her pious cares consign the sacred trust :
 Beyond the pencil's pow'r, the sculptor's art,*
 Its nobler tablet is the Briton's heart.

That morn, what sorrows gloom'd o'er Albion's
 shore,
 When burst the sigh—My HOWE is now no more !
 When hov'ring Angels, round the death-bed spread,
 Hymn'd the last requiem to the sainted Dead ;
 From kindred spirits heav'nly accents stole,
 And bore to bliss divine the hero's soul ;

* The vote of the House of Commons for erecting a monument to
 Earl Howe in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Clos'd the bright series of each glorious toil,
And bade his virtues guard Britannia's isle.

But, see, where drooping by the lonely strand,
No common woe arrests yon gallant band ;
By hardships worn, and rough with many a scar,
Their tears find furrows from the wounds of war ;
All beat by win'try wind, or solar ray,
Behold their scanty locks with service grey :
Hearts that have brav'd the battle's rage unmov'd,
To sorrow soften'd—for the Chief they lov'd.
In vain the rending sigh bestows relief,
Or bounds the measure of heroic grief :
With pensive steps as o'er his grave they bend,
Still mem'ry points—the leader, guardian, friend.
If England's glory plans some bold design,
They see his presence animate the line ;
No certain danger can their breasts control,
Each gen'rous Tar feels all his leader's soul.
Soon as the daring signal waves on high,
The foe invokes the wind, and hastes to fly,

To seek for safety by a timely flight,
 Nor try with Britain's sons th' unequal fight.
 If midnight tempests o'er the ocean sweep,
 Pile wave on wave, and raise the yawning deep,
 His mind serene assumes the pilot's art,
 Saves from the storm, and cheers the drooping heart.
 Should toil or famine on the sailor wait,
 He shares his wants, and mitigates his fate.
 And when Disease pours forth his blasts of death,
 And fainting squadrons sicken at the breath,
 The hero's bosom swells with tides of grief,
 Prepares the balm, and gives the pang relief.

Oh ! you, companions of his mighty deeds,*
 While for her HOWE a nation's mem'ry bleeds ;

* Alluding to the preparations made by Lord Howe, when Count D'Estaing appeared on the coast of America, in 1779. The British squadron consisted of two or three sail of the line, and a few 50 gun ships ; while that of the French was composed of 13 sail of the line, of 74 and 80 guns. The intentions of the French Admiral were completely foiled ; and the squadrons, when about to engage, were separated by a gale of wind.

While 'midst applauding Senates starts the sigh,
 And streams of sorrow dim the patriot eye ;
 How did the love of glory pant so strong,
 How rous'd your bosoms for your country's wrong ;
 When, urged by faithless councils, Gallia's host
 Shew'd her false lilies on Columbia's coast ;
 When, undismay'd by numbers to your view,
 Fair England's naval fame was sav'd in you !
 How did the hostile streamers glad your sight,
 When, by his valour led, you sued for fight ;
 By Fate alone from half-earn'd laurels driv'n,
 And only yielded to the storms of Heav'n.

Or when Iberia's standards leagued with France,
 Of vict'ry sure, the household fleets advance ;
 O'er seas yet crimson'd with their kindred blood,*
 Breathing revenge, the haughty Bourbon stood :
 With envy look'd where Calpe's height commands
 Submissive homage from Hesperian lands ;

* The defeat of Langara, off Cape St. Vincent, by Sir George, afterwards Lord, Rodney.

And long'd, by fraud or famine, to obtain
 What all their vaunted threats essay'd in vain.
 The starving Briton felt his honor dear,
 Spurn'd the weak bribe, and hop'd for succour near :
 When, ere the western sun had dipp'd the tide,
 From the lone rock Britannia's fleet was spied.
 Relief!—Relief!—transported hearts employ ;
 And famish'd warriors bound with sudden joy.*

Where, now, alas ! th' infuriate Bourbon's boast !—
 Her proud Armada seeks a pitying coast :
 The shelt'ring port receives the coward race
 That stamp their nation's deeds with foul disgrace.
 To cloister'd monks their suppliant hands extend,
 Or else to saints in bronze their knees they bend ;
 Where bigot priesthood, arm'd with scourge and rod,
 Belies the vengeance of the Living God.

* The relief of Gibraltar, by Lord Howe, in 1782, in the face of the combined fleet. Mr Fox said—" I have always thought Lord Howe at the top of his profession ; and great as was his conduct on the FIRST OF JUNE, it was still greater at the relief of Gibraltar."

Glad Europe's shores the joyful tidings sound,
 And Bourbon rankles with th' eternal wound.
 To Albion's cliffs they speed on welcome gales,
 And Calpe's Mount his great deliv'rer hails.
 There Curtis felt the sympathetic flame ;
 From bright example shap'd the course of Fame ;
 When o'er his cheeks the show'rs of pity ran,
 Till all the hero soften'd in the man ;
 Now led thro' smoke and fire the dauntless brave,
 Now snatch'd the sinking Spaniard from the wave.*

On that fam'd spot, led by the Queen of Isles,
 Immortal Elliot plann'd his matchless toils :
 When like some frowning Demi-God he stood,
 And pour'd his thunders o'er the trembling flood ;

* Vide General Elliot's official letter on the destruction of the Spanish Floating Batteries, in Drinkwater's History of Gibraltar. Sir R. Curtis then commanded the brigade of seamen ; was first captain to Earl Howe on the 1st of June, 1794 ; or, to speak more correctly, Captain of the Fleet, the Union being Earl Howe's flag.

Saw at his nod Fate gloom on all around,
 And what the battle sav'd the ocean drown'd.

At length, when savage war and tumult cease,
 And Europe fosters on the lap of Peace,
 Reviving Commerce lifts aloft her sails,
 Quits the sure port, and trusts to fav'ring gales :
 Safe thro' the tide the lab'ring cargoes sweep,
 No cannon's roar disturbs the tranquil deep :
 The naval warrior shares his lov'd repose,
 Nor dreams of restless seas, and England's foes.
 The busied City, and the cultur'd Farm,
 Convey to diff'rent minds the varied charm :
 Gay smile the sister Arts in jocund reign ;
 Joy trips before, and Pleasure swells the train.
 Wide the diffusive blessing darts its rays,
 And Nature hails anew her golden days.

Above the rest fair Poesy was seen,
 Known by her native ease, and placid mien :

Sweet were the notes she tun'd to mirth and glee,
 And dear her haunts beneath some hallow'd tree :
 And oft, as Court or City wooed the Maid,
 Her bashful charms retrac'd the sylvan shade :
 Of harmony on earth, and peace, she sung ;
 Hope never lost, and Love for ever young.

Oh ! had those halcyon days from year to year,
 In long succession, press'd their bright career ;
 Nor left to damned deeds a ruthless age,
 To fiends and furies worse than Vandal's rage.
 From France, the nurse of manners, and of crimes,
 The Hydra sprung, the Genius of the times :
 Alike the tyrant and the slave of Pow'r,
 On carnage bent, to plunder and devour :
 See wearied Life with blood and torture vex'd,
 And, oh ! tremendous horror ! doubt the next ;
 Hence laws defied that save from moral stains,
 And present guilt that fears no future pains ;
 Hence polish'd Order to confusion ran,
 All that degrades the savage from the man :

The sacred fane no more shall incense raise,
 Or Hallelujahs to Jehovah's praise ;
 The throne, the altar, to destruction hurl'd,
 And worse than second chaos threatens the world.

While trembling at their fate the Nations stood,
 And seem'd to totter o'er a gulph of blood ;
 Not aw'd by tumult, or debas'd by crimes,
 And faction brooding 'midst polluted times ;
 By seas encircled, Britain, free from harm,
 Reclines with safety on her naval arm :
 Fair Liberty's retreat from impious Lands,
 Her fix'd Palladium, here her altar stands ;
 No tyrant's will controls a Nation's voice,
 The throne exalted on the people's choice.

Soon as fierce Winter checks his boist'rous reign,
 And quits the howling shore and ruffled main,
 Impell'd by Summer seas and vernal gales,
 Britannia's squadrons spread their swelling sails :
 Her fav'rite Hero bears her dread commands,
 To aid the weak, and punish guilty Lands ;

The Nations, wishful, view her flag unfurl'd,
And Hope once more gleams o'er the wat'ry world.

Behold, oh ! Gallia, as thy wrath succeeds,
The great revenger of thy murd'rous deeds :
High Heaven approves, at length, and gives the nod ;
He comes to conquer in the name of God.*

* Every anecdote which relates to the glorious 1st of June, is worthy of record. In the morning the signal was made that there was sufficient time for breakfast, which also allowed the sternmost ships to get into their stations. When Sir Roger Curtis informed the Admiral that the line was complete, he replied, with great emphasis —“ *Then up with the helm, in the name of God !*” And, impressed with the solemnity of the sentiment, for no man could better feel its value than the noble Admiral, he pierced the French line so close to the stern of the *Montagne*, that Captain Bowen thought the fly of the Republican ensign grazed the fore-rigging of the *Queen Charlotte*. No language can describe the magnificent appearance of the *Queen Charlotte* at that time, as seen from the windward. Being right before the wind, her stern was distinctly perceived, while she fired from both sides, till she hauled up under the lee-quarter of the *Montagne*. On mentioning this circumstance next day to his Lordship, he was pleased to observe, that he “expected to take the French Admiral by *surprise*, and thought he had in a great measure succeeded ;” for the lee-guns of *La Montagne* were not cleared for action.

Bright from the main the orient Morning spread,
 That ne'er must set on many a warrior's head :
 Soft in the bellying sails the breezes sleep,
 And scarce a fleecy wave deforms the deep ;
 A flag* unknown to Neptune's wide domain
 Shed its faint streamers o'er the azure plain ;
 There tower'd those banners, dy'd in civic blood,
 And claim'd the Trident of the humbled Flood.
 Meanwhile, revolving in his manly soul
 Fate's stern decrees, that human might control,
 Britannia's Hero bade the signal fly,
 And the loud cannon shakes the vaulted sky :

His Lordship, on the evening before, had informed his gallant crew how he intended to engage, should the wind continue as it then was ; so that, as soon as the starboard guns ceased to bear on the ship next astern of the French Admiral, in an instant the whole of the seamen were at their weather-guns. Every gun was double-shotted during this conflict, which explains the dreadful carnage of Frenchmen, 700 being killed and wounded in La Montagne, according to their own account!!! The loss of the Charlotte's topmasts prevented the capture of Admiral Villaret Joyeuse.

* The tri-coloured flag, originally intended for the nation, the law, and the king, of the constituent assembly.

Quick thro' the trembling host he darts his course,
And swift as lightning deals the thunder's force.
Huge piles of smoke in curling volumes rise,
Obscure the seas, and darken all the skies ;
Save where the flash illumines the sev'ring cloud,
Gleams round the mast, or quivers thro' the shroud.
Wide o'er th' embattled Line the fight extends,
The ocean bellows, and the welkin rends ;
Till, far and near, the echoing concave bounds,
With hoarser clangors and remoter sounds.
Now thro' the smoke some stately vessel rears,
Now half-disclos'd her painted form appears ;
There crash the stayless masts, and strew the deck,
And leave the shatter'd hull a helpless wreck.
Where'er his foes with fiercer ardour wage,
Or where the battle frowns with warmer rage,
The vet'ran Chieftain bids his vengeance spread,
And Heaven-deputed Genii guard his head ;
His fiery track is mark'd by crimson waves,
And shroudless Frenchmen doom'd to wat'ry graves :
Till Horror, sated with the waste of blood,
Appeas'd the battle's rage, and smooth'd the flood.

So when some brooding tempest raves for birth,
 And deep convulsions shake the lab'ring earth,
 Thick black'ning clouds, portentous of the storm,
 Obscure the Sun, and Nature's face deform ;
 Swift thro' the gloom the livid lightnings glare,
 And peals of thunder rend the yielding air :
 Loud whirlwinds rise, and sweep the tott'ring tow'rs ;
 A sudden deluge o'er the landscape pours ;
 Down the rough steep the headlong torrents dash ;
 Torn from their roots the leafless forests crash ;
 Th' abodes of man and beast by storm defac'd,
 Till half Creation seems a dreary waste.

Thus Gallia's Navy strew'd the liquid plain,
 And Britain triumph'd o'er the subject main.*

* The merits of this victory will always be appreciated, from the obstinate resistance of the enemy. The fleets may be said to have been equal in force, as near as the number of ships in each can be reckoned: the French had most ships of the line; but the English had more three-deckers. But on the evening of the 29th of May, three sail, disabled, left the enemy's fleet; and, by great good luck,

Nor yet exulting for herself alone,
For the bright meed by English valour won :

they were joined, before the action of the First of June, by three others.

The French fleet was commanded by officers, who, in the language of Jacobinism, were said to be of "*tried civism*;" the seamen were a chosen body, and all enthusiasts in the new order of things. A commissioner of the convention was, moreover, embarked on board the *Montagne*, partly with a view to harangue the seamen, as had been so successfully done in the army, and also to watch the conduct of the Admiral. The French certainly exceeded their usual naval bravery; but British valour never appeared greater. In a general action there never was so much done in so short a space; for two English, and seven French ships were totally dismasted, and five others partially, in four hours. Some of the French ships are reported to have had furnaces on board for heating shot; but they were probably never lighted. The French captains, on leaving Brest, are said to have taken an oath never to strike their colours; but their consciences were left pretty easy on that score, for the English shot saved them the trouble.

The following note is taken from the 2nd volume of the Author's *Work on the Diseases of the Fleet*:—"As we may not again have occasion to mention the Victory of the First of June, we must beg leave to contradict the statement of some occurrences on that day, relative to the sinking of the *Vengeur*. It was said that the Frenchmen who went down in that ship, as long as their heads were above water, continued to cry aloud—"Vive la Republique!"—and with

To Europe's groans her godlike pity bends ;
 To States oppress'd her guardian arm extends :
 And while her trident awes the circling sea,
 She shows the Nations how they might be free.

Such were the deeds that shall embalm thy Name,
 And bear to latest times thy spotless fame :
 While Liberty for Britain has a charm,
 While free-born rights shall call her sons to arm,
 Her rising warriors here shall often turn,
 And feel their breasts with nobler ardour burn :
 The hardy vet'ran, as he melts in sighs,
 Shall point the naval Chief to youthful eyes :—

this expression in their mouths, sunk to the bottom. Somehow or other this account got into the English papers, and soon reached France. But the whole is a falsehood ; and I have it from the authority of the British officers who attended to save the people, and saw the dismal catastrophe. The scene presented a very different spectacle : all was horror and dismay ; and no such words were ever uttered. Barrere, in the convention, made a fine text of the report, in expatiating on the *Naval Victory* of his redoubtable friend Jean Bon St. Andre. Votive tablets were immediately decreed to the *manes* of the sufferers ; and a three-decker ordered to be built, and called *Le Vengeur*." [Vide *Med. Nautica*, v. II. p. 19. Longman and Rees.]

“ If matchless worth, that never courted fame ;
 “ If Truth and Faith were ever mortal aim ;
 “ A heart prepar’d to fear no earthly foe,
 “ Yet mov’d to pity at the tale of woe ;
 “ Unsullied honor ; faultless, tho’ severe ;
 “ That knew no fashion but to be sincere ;
 “ Rich from desert, victorious by his sword ;
 “ Tho’ bred in Courts, yet never broke his word :
 “ Firm to his purpose, ’bove all factious zeal ;
 “ Friend to no party but the public weal :
 “ While changeling patriots sway’d as interests move,
 “ His wish was England, and his Sov’reign’s love !”
 Such were thy virtues ; thus thy honors shone ;
 And long shall grace thy monumental stone.*

Accept, blest Shade ! while yet our tears complain,
 This last sad tribute, but no venal strain :

* The last public duty of this illustrious officer was to bear His Majesty’s commission to settle the disorders of the fleet lying at St. Helens, in May, 1797.

Earl Howe died on the 5th of August, 1799, full of days, riches, and honour, the idol of British seamen, and boast of the nautical profession.

Dear are the drops which Mem'ry loves to shed,
 Where friendly visions paint the hallow'd dead.
 How finely knit the kindred passions rise,
 Buoy up the soul, and bind us to the skies :
 How fondly Fancy ponders all the past,
 Reviews each scene, and lingers o'er the last ;
 Till struggling Sense the pictur'd griefs impart,
 And soft Remembrance pours forth all the heart.
 To yonder grave she moves with wistful eyes,
 And marks the turf where gallant Douglas lies :
 Oh ! taught by thee to earn the hero's name ;
 Like thine his lot, to swell the lists of Fame :
 Just seen, his rising star disclos'd its ray,
 Blaz'd in its orb, then sped to heav'nly day.
 No more fresh glories check a country's sighs,
 His ripen'd virtues early sought the skies :*

* Sir Andrew Douglas, captain of the Queen Charlotte, on the 1st of June, 1794 ; and fought that ship in the action off Groa, on the 23rd of June, 1795, when much of the honour of the day fell to his share. He died in 1797, in the prime of life.

So the kind Genius of imperial Rome,
 For songs of Triumph strews Marcellus' tomb.*
 Or, haply bending to the western wave,
 She claims each warrior from his wat'ry grave ;
 Where sea-born tribes their lov'd remains bedew,
 And watch thy tomb, lamented Montagu.†
 Or else where Fame on sounding pinions borne,
 Wakes with her shouts the radiant blush of Morn :
 Bids round each brow the victor's garland twine,
 And weaves fresh wreaths at Hut's‡ and Harvey's§
 shrine.

If yet while Order has on earth a foe,
 And States shall rise or fall by moral woe ;

* ————— manibus date lilia plenis :

Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis :

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere. —————

ÆNEID.

† Captain James Montagu, of His Majesty's ship Montagu, killed on the 1st of June, 1794.

‡ Captain John Hut, of the Queen, the flag ship of Sir A. Gardner, died of the wounds he received on the 29th of May, 1794.

§ Captain John Harvey, of the Brunswick, died of the wounds he

If yet thy sainted form protects our sphere,
 Oh ! hear a Nation's groans—a Nation's pray'r :
 Save from domestic feuds—domestic strife ;
 And guard—oh ! guard thy darling Monarch's Life !
 In council cautious, but in action strong,
 Justice her sword, whene'er she suffers wrong :
 Should foreign foes assail her sea-girt shore,
 Oh ! watch those Rights thy valour sav'd before.
 And thou, sweet Liberty, with blissful smile,
 Still deeper root thy virtues in our Isle ;
 Still may thy blossoms glow in lasting youth—
 The Plant, the Planter, all of British growth !
 Bid Faction, Discord, and Contention cease,
 And bind the peopled earth in endless peace !

Thus the young trav'ler, when he leaves his home
 For distant shores and dangers yet to come,
 Receives from parent lips a blessing first,
 Some kind advice to guard him from the worst :

received on the 1st of June, 1794, while engaging the *Vengeur*, which
 ship sunk after the action.

Onward he wanders, carols as he goes,
The saint-like counsel cancels all his woes ;
What, tho' his footsteps thro' the desert run,
He knows what paths to tread, what brakes to shun,
And happy ends his journey as it was begun.

Cawsand Bay, September, 1800.

EXTEMPORE.

On the conciliatory Measures adopted by the Duke of Northumberland, as Viceroy of Ireland.

WHEN GEORGE in mercy view'd Hibernia's state,
And drew the olive from the scrolls of Fate ;
With god-like haste he bade contention cease,
And sent his PERCY as the Pledge of Peace.—
Fair Albion brighten'd with benignant smile,
And hail'd the deed that sav'd her kindred Isle :
The Rose and Thistle to complete the scene,
Wove the green Shamrock in the groupe between.

April 30, 1829.

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN TO PROVIDENCE.

AT early dawn and closing eve,
 O ! God, my grateful thanks receive ;
 While through Life's chequer'd scenes I stray,
 Direct my heart to watch and pray ;
 This Being first deriv'd from Thee,
 Thy willing sacrifice shall be.

When infant cries my wants exprest,
 Thy tender hand my cares redrest ;
 As heedless forth my childhood grew,
 Thy friendly aid was still in view ;
 And when through toils and snares I ran,
 My form and mind assum'd the man.

As back my wakeful memory turns,
 My heart with bounding rapture burns ;

In all my joys, in all my fears,
Thy bounteous Providence appears ;
While all the past my soul surveys,
My future task be thanks and praise.

But, oh ! what language shall record,
The wonders of thy mercy, Lord !—
I saw the troubled ocean rise,
In fierce commotion mix with skies ;
Resistless was the tempest's sway,
In wrecks a shatter'd navy lay.

But Thou alone had power to save—
Hush'd were the winds—and smooth'd the wave :
While prayer employ'd each heart and tongue,
For hours our fate suspended hung ;
The midnight horror yields to day,
And pitying skies their sun display.

When doom'd to Afric's burning shore,
Where tigers growl and lions roar,

Though danger frown'd on ev'ry side,
Thou wert my prompter, guard, and guide :
I spurn'd the traffic, scorn'd the plan,
That dar'd his God, and barter'd man.

When wing'd with pestilential breath,
Disease pour'd forth the shafts of death,
Thou gav'st the healing balm its charm,
And fell Destruction dropp'd his arm.
Life rallied o'er polluted air,
And health reviv'd, for Thou wert there !

How rag'd the battle all around,
And terror shook the vast profound
When numbers bled, and numbers fell ;
I liv'd thy gracious will to tell—
In wars and dangers still my guide,
Thou turn'd the fearful ball aside.

As age shall clothe this head with snow,
And Time shall strike his final blow ;

Let this warm wish sustain the pain,
No *sick-bed bribe* has left a stain ;
And Nature's parting groan to cheer,
No guilty wealth bloats life's career.

While mem'ry shall retain its seat,
And this firm heart shall fondly beat,
Be those stupendous blessings given,
The point, the mark that aims at Heaven,—
A Saviour's arms this spirit raise,
And Life's last accents die in praise.

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